



No. 426.—VOL. XXXIII.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 27, 1901.

SIXPENCE.



MISS VERA BERINGER,  
WHO DELIGHTED US AS "LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY," HAS BECOME A CHARMING COMEDIENNE,  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LYDDELL SAWYER, REGENT STREET, W.



## THE CLUBMAN.

*The "Ophir" at Gibraltar—The Queen of Spain's Chair—The Barbary Apes—The Memorial to Her late Majesty—The Tientsin Trouble—The Passing of "the Roman."*

THE Bay of Biscay has always been a much-maligned stretch of ocean. The song narrating, with doleful runs and shakes, "how we lay all that day in the Bay of Biscay, O," has given the Bay an exceptionally bad character. As a matter of fact, the seas off the west coast, on one side, and the Gulf of Lyons, on the other side of Spain, are generally far worse-behaved than the Bay. The *Ophir* did not get into very rough water until she neared the end of the first stage of her journey, and the Royal voyagers found the harbour below the mountain of rock a real haven of refuge.

Very massive and very masterful looks that couchant lion, the form that "the Rock" takes when seen from a distance, and the old Moorish Castle which dominates the town delights every artist's eyes. The black coal-hulks in the harbour are blots on the splendour of the scene, but the shimmering line of the sandy strip curving round towards Algeciras, and the mountains of the mainland, including the Queen of Spain's Chair, are beautiful on a sunshiny day. The Queen of Spain's Chair is the subject of a legend which sets forth the courtliness of one of the British Governors of the fortress. The Queen of Spain took her seat, it is said, upon the mountain-top, to witness the attack of her troops upon the British fortifications, and swore a regal oath that she would not move from her chair of rock until the British flag was hauled down from O'Hara's Tower. The attack failed; but when the English Governor heard that the Queen still, because of her oath, sat cold and miserable upon the mountain-top, he hauled down the flag in a Royal salute, thereby paying a courtly compliment and salving Her Majesty's conscience.

The narrow, crooked, little streets of Gibraltar, which are the despair of the Sanitary Authorities, who like broad, straight roads open to the sun, adapt themselves admirably to the purpose of decoration and illumination, and, with a roof of evergreens and flowers, oranges and Japanese lanterns, above, and the crowd of British soldiers and sailors, Spaniards, Oriental Jews, and Moors from Tangiers below, Gibraltar *en fête* is one of the most picturesque towns in the world. Every class of the inhabitants of "the Rock" came out of their dwellings to do honour to the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York except one, the little Barbary apes, to wit. I have stayed at "Gib," going East or West, many times, but I never saw the apes, and men who have been quartered there for years have not set eyes on them. They are not goblins or phantoms, for they generally are seen by new-comers walking for the first time up to the flag-staff. They are held as inviolate as the peacocks in India or the ibises in Egypt, and there is a very well-known mess-room story of a youngster who joined his regiment on "the Rock," and who, as is the way of British subalterns, on the first afternoon he could get free from the barrack-square and drills took his gun and went shooting. That evening he returned just before the first mess-bugle sounded, and, walking into the ante-room crowded with his brother officers, he displayed as a trophy a slaughtered ape. To have killed a fox in Leicestershire would have been but a small crime compared to the awful atrocity of which this "sub." had been guilty. There are various versions as to the punishment awarded him. Some chroniclers say that he was led through the streets with the dead monkey tied round his neck, and others, and these, I think, the more worthy of credence, affirm that, when he had passed his drills, he was given an extra allowance of "Guards" to expiate his crime of monkeycide.

The memorial to Her late Majesty is to stand in the centre of Clubland, for St. James's and Pall Mall and Piccadilly will all be within musket-shot of it. No doubt, parts of Green Park and St. James's Park will be appropriated to make the "place" which will surround it, and, if this is done, some filling-in in St. James's Park will be necessary, for the ground slopes rather steeply from the Mall down to the ornamental water. It is to be hoped that the Mall, architecturally beautified, may become an avenue where our great dead may be fittingly honoured in sculpture. The Kaiser has brought into existence such a place in Berlin, and we need something more in London than is afforded by Trafalgar Square, with its paltry fountains and its arid stretch of asphalt, or by the scrappy little patches of green at Westminster.

The very difficult situation at Tientsin, where British and Russian troops stood facing each other with fixed bayonets, has fortunately been put an end to by cool-headed statesmen at St. Petersburg and London. Few people in England understood at the time where the especial danger lay. The British troops were part of our native Indian Army, an Army which is trained to believe that, sooner or later, it will meet and fight the Russians on the borders of India. To leave Indian troops opposite Russians acting, as the British at Tientsin considered, on the aggressive, was to put a lighted match into a barrel of gunpowder. It is many years since I visited Tientsin, but my memory of it is of a very dirty native city, a European settlement lacking the picturesqueness of most of the Treaty Ports, and a mighty but muddy river.

There is mourning in the estimable fraternity of Italian and Swiss restaurateurs in London, who, headed by the Gattis, Azario, Molinari, and Baglioni, have brought dining to a fine art. A severe attack of pleurisy and pneumonia carried off Romano, whose Strand restaurant is so well known, on Friday last, to the deep regret of hosts of friends who knew what a kind heart as well as excellent chef "the Roman" had.

## THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE.

PRACTICALLY the hard work of the crews is over, except, of course, that which will have to be undergone before an admiring crowd of spectators on Saturday, March 30. The work has hardly been enjoyable, though undoubtedly conducive to that fine feeling of fitness which only those who have gone through a rational course of training are properly acquainted with. Despite the cold, the wet, the snow, and the wind, there is, it is quite certain, not a man in either crew who would not willingly go through it all again rather than lose his place in the boat.

## OXFORD

came within the wide-stretching arms of the Metropolis a more finished crew than Cambridge. There were faults, it is true; but perfection is seldom or never reached, and, in the minds of some, the Dark Blues were practically ready to row the race, though they had not then made up their minds in which boat—Sims's or the Brocas—they would row it. The opinion was, of course, formed on the strength of general appearance. The rowing of the Light Blues was so much less taking, if not quite deserving of the term "ragged," that many thought the more highly of Oxford. Subsequent work has seemed to prove that the crews are of level character in the matter of execution, if not in style. As early as March 16, the Light Blues essayed a trip over the full course from Mortlake to Putney, and, singularly enough, they seemed better able to keep the boat steady where the water was rather rough than where it was smooth. The time kept was good, and the journey, on a sluggish ebb, accomplished in 20 min. 48 sec. Though this was not very slow, the performance, on the whole, was a little disappointing. The trial of Oxford from Hammersmith Bridge to Putney was done in 8 min. 6 sec., and the boat presented a neat look, especially in the smoother water, but the close observer saw that the stroke was short and not sufficiently deep. On the afternoon of March 18, a "between-bridges" spin was done by Cambridge in 7 min. 58 sec., and though the difference in time must not be taken into serious consideration, the crew worked together in improved form. The same afternoon, the Oxonians tried the new boat built by the Brocas Company from the designs supplied by Dr. Warre, Headmaster of Eton. She must have afforded some satisfaction, for on the following day (March 19) she was given a trial over the full course, having been fitted with washboards and a rudder of ordinary size. The tide was at the flood, and not particularly strong, and from Putney to Hammersmith the water was very rough. By keeping pretty close to the shore, satisfactory progress was made, and, by the style of the rowing—a longer stroke and pulled well together, it was evident the Brocas suited the crew. Above Hammersmith there was smooth water and a stiffish wind to help them, and time and swing being good, the short, broad boat travelled very satisfactorily. Indeed, the Ship at Mortlake was reached in 20 min. 50 sec., or, according to some, in a few seconds less. On succeeding days, the Oxonians appeared in the same boat, and, at the time of writing, it seemed highly probable that she would be made use of on the all-important day. Her dimensions are as follows: Length, 56 feet; breadth, 2 feet 2½ in.; depth, forward 7½ in., at No. 3 thwart 9 in., aft 6½ in. Cambridge, on the 20th, one of several very unpleasant days, did a capital piece of work against a strong Leander crew, gaining rather more than half-a-length in a spin lasting 2 min. 50 sec. On the 22nd, however,

## THE LIGHT BLUES

accomplished a more important row over the full course, starting from Putney. The water, for the most part, was smooth, and the flood-tide running fast. Hammersmith Bridge was reached in 8 min. 26 sec., and the Ship in 19 min. 42 sec., a strong Leander crew having raced with them from the Horse Reach. This was a capital test of stamina, but, although the crew rowed hard to the end, there was a certain amount of raggedness.

The results of the first seven or eight days on the "tideway" gave less satisfaction than anticipated to coaches of both crews, but the weather may, to some extent, be advanced as an excuse. Maitland, the Cambridge stroke, indulged in the fault of rowing too deeply, and this had a prejudicial effect upon the rest, of whom Grylls at No. 6, Parker, Brooke, Cox, and Nelson are excellent men. The crew have kept good time, and the swing has been creditable; but the sliding has at times been faulty, and this has prevented them keeping as well together as could have been desired. Culme-Seymour, like the rival stroke, has displayed a fault, in that he has rowed rather short, but he has been able to keep his men well together. In sliding and swing the crew have shown excellent form, and they have appeared to considerable advantage when paddling, but when rowing fast the stroke has not been pulled through in the most approved fashion. Both Mr. Harcourt Gold, who stroked the Oxford boat for four years, and Mr. S. D. Muttelbury, who rowed five times for Cambridge, have not spared themselves, and, if the crews are lacking in finish and stamina on the morning of the race, it will not be for want of care and judgment on the part of the coaches. Those who wish to see the race must be about early, for it will be started soon after 10 a.m. The following are the crews—

CAMBRIDGE.		OXFORD.	
	st. lb.		st. lb.
1. R. H. Nelson (Third Trinity) (bow)	11 2½	1. F. O. Huntley (University) (bow)	11 7½
2. B. C. Cox (Trinity Hall)	12 0	2. H. Du Vallon (Brasenose)	12 5
3. B. W. D. Brooke (First Trinity)	11 11½	3. J. Younger (New)	12 11½
4. C. W. H. Taylor (Third Trinity)	12 8½	4. A. De L. Long (New)	12 9
5. G. Parker (First Trinity)	12 6½	a5. H. J. Hale (Balliol)	12 11½
6. H. B. Grylls (First Trinity)	12 7½	a6. F. W. Warre (Balliol)	12 8
7. E. F. Duncanson (Emmanuel)	12 6½	7. T. B. Etherington-Smith (Oriel)	11 5
G. M. Maitland (First Trinity) (stroke)	12 3	*R. Culme-Seymour (New) (stroke)	11 10½
E. A. O. A. Jamieson (First Trinity) (cox.)	8 8	*G. S. MacLagan (Magdalen) (cox.)	8 6
* Signifies an old Blue.		* Signifies old Blues. a Did not row last year.	



THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE CREWS.

G. Parker (Trinity).

S. D. Muttelbury.

C. W. H. Taylor (Trinity).

R. H. Nelson (Trinity).



H. B. Grylls (Trinity).

E. F. Duncanson (Emmanuel).

B. W. D. Brooke (Trinity).

G. M. Maitland (Trinity), stroke.

B. C. Cox (Trinity Hall).

E. A. O. A. Jamieson (Trinity), cox.

THE CAMBRIDGE CREW.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY STEARN, CAMBRIDGE.

F. O. J. Huntley (University).

A. de L. Long (New).

J. Younger (New).

H. Du Vallon (Brasenose).



T. B. Etherington-Smith (Oriel).

H. J. Hale (Balliol).

F. W. Warre (Balliol).

R. Culme-Seymour (New), stroke.

G. S. MacLagan (Magdalen), cox.

THE OXFORD CREW.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GORDON, PUTNEY, S.W.



## THE NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN INDIA.

THE mills of the War Office grind somewhat slowly, and thus it happens that, although the vacancy occurred a year ago, the successor to the late Sir William Lockhart in the post of Commander-in-Chief in India has only just been appointed. The officer selected for this important position is

GENERAL SIR ARTHUR POWER PALMER, K.C.B.

As he has been acting in this capacity provisionally for exactly twelve months past, and has discharged the duties of his office in a highly satisfactory manner, his confirmation in the appointment was practically a foregone conclusion.

Born in 1840, Sir Arthur, who was destined from his boyhood for a military career, was educated at Cheltenham. At the comparatively youthful age of seventeen, he secured a commission in that training-ground of so many great soldiers, the Indian Army, and accordingly sailed for Bombay early in 1857. His first regiment was the 5th Bengal Native Infantry, to which he was gazetted a couple of months after landing in the country.

Shortly after the Sepoy Mutiny had been put down, Lieutenant Palmer (as he then was—for this was long before the present days of lightning promotion) was transferred to the Bengal Staff Corps. With his new regiment he went on active service in the operations against the Mohmuds on the North-West Frontier in 1863, and was present at the engagement at Shubkudder. His next experience of campaigning was gained in the Abyssinian Expedition of five years later. On this occasion he served with the 10th Bengal Lancers, as Adjutant, and acquitted himself with such distinction that

LORD NAPIER OF MAGDALA

made special mention of the fact in his despatches.

On his return to India, the young officer found fresh laurels waiting to be gained, for numerous "little wars" took place within the next few years. Among those in which he played a conspicuous part were the Duffla Expedition of 1874 and the operations in Sumatra in 1876. In the former of these he served as Aide-de-Camp to General Stafford. More serious business, however, was waiting for him, in the shape of the

THREE YEARS' WAR IN  
AFGHANISTAN.

that commenced in 1878. In this he took part as Assistant-Adjutant and Quartermaster-General, and thus came under the special notice of Earl Roberts, who was conducting the campaign. "Bobs" was so favourably impressed by the manner in which he performed the duties of his responsible position that he recommended him for promotion to the rank of Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel.

The rebellious Afghans reduced to a state of submission, the future Commander-in-Chief of the Indian Army returned to a Staff appointment in Bengal. Before he had completed his tenure of this, however, a sudden turn in the wheel of fortune sent him off post-haste to Egypt to take part in the Soudan Campaign of 1885. While thus engaged, he commanded the 9th Bengal Lancers, a regiment in which he had served at the commencement of his career. For his services in the Land of the Pharaohs, Colonel Palmer was made a Companion of the Bath.

His next campaign was fought in the Chin Hills in 1892-93, on which occasion he was in command of the expedition. The successful manner in which he brought it to a conclusion won him his "K.C.B." A couple of years later, he became a Major-General, and in this capacity served in different stations in India. His promotion to Lieutenant-General took place in 1895.

On the commencement of the recent

TIRAH CAMPAIGN,

Sir Arthur was placed in charge of the line of communications, a position calling for the exercise of high military qualities. These were displayed by him to such a pronounced extent that he was eventually selected for the command of the operations as a whole, in succession to Sir William Lockhart, whose ill-health compelled him to relinquish the post. On Sir William's lamented death, he was appointed Acting Commander-in-Chief of the Army in India.

At Simla, where he spends a good deal of his time, Sir Arthur has his headquarters.



GENERAL SIR A. POWER PALMER, K.C.B., NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN INDIA.

Photo by Ball, Regent Street, S.W.

## THE MAN IN THE STREET.

*On the Tow-path—High Tides and Floods—Seeing the Boat-Race under Difficulties—Alterations along the Course—The Doom of the Olympic.*

FOR a week after the University crews came to Putney the weather was so disgusting that only the most energetic enthusiasts were seen on the tow-path. However, with the brighter weather at the end of last week, the old familiar crowds began to appear at the water-side, though even then the east wind was too much for many.

Last Wednesday and Thursday the tides were perhaps higher than usual, but whenever the tide is running up fast and there is a strong east wind the same thing happens more or less. I can remember several occasions in the last few years when I have had to dodge along the kind of bank between the tow-path and the ditch, to keep out of the way of the water which was swashing over the tow-path, and on one occasion I found myself, with a well-known "M.P.," jumping the depressions in the path which were filled with water. But during the practice the riverside is comparatively empty. It is on Boat-Race Day that an east wind brings disaster to the crowd. Not many years ago, there was a high tide which swamped the path opposite Chiswick. The people were packed close down to what is the water's edge in ordinary days, and the front ranks, no doubt, congratulated themselves on the splendid view they were going to have, while those behind pressed forward in a compact mass to get a glimpse of the boats.

As the boats came, so did the tide, and soon it worked up to the feet of the front rank; then it went over their boots, then over their ankles, and, finally, some of them were standing in the water nearly up to their knees. There was no getting back, for the crowd was too thick, and all the people in the water could do was hold on to one another until the wash of the steamers had subsided and the crowd behind them began to thin when the race was over.

I have been a pretty constant visitor on the tow-path for a good many years now, and I have seen a lot of changes on the banks. First of all, old Putney Bridge and the Aqueduct have gone, and in their place we have the new bridge, and, lower down, the iron railway-bridge. Then the embankment along by the boat-houses has been made, and there are other bits of embankment up the reach, in places where the banks used to crumble into the river. Many old landmarks have disappeared. Craven Cottage has gone, and, what with new buildings and works and the removal of old houses, the Middlesex side of the river has utterly changed. On the tow-path side, the new reservoirs

have been built during the last few years, and Harrod's Wharf, with its cage, has made its appearance. Then, Hammersmith Bridge is new, and higher up, just above Chiswick Church, Thornycroft's has brought a new industry to the old-world riverside village. I expect to see a new colony of red-brick Queen Anne villas down on the Duke's Meadow before long, but I hope that the old Hammersmith and Chiswick Malls will not be improved out of existence for a good many years to come.

I was passing the Olympic Theatre the other day, and saw that it was all boarded up, so I suppose it will shortly be pulled down. The new street from Holborn to the Strand necessitates the destruction of four theatres, but only one, it seems, is to be replaced, and that is the Gaiety, the site of which is already marked by a big board. The Olympic, at any rate, will not be missed, for, although the old theatre was famous in its day, the present building has been closed for some time past. It was too out-of-the-way, being up a side-street, and, moreover, it was too far East for modern theatre-goers. The Strand used to be the great thoroughfare for theatres, but now Leicester Square is the centre round which all the newest theatres are built. The fact is that the hotels supply the audiences for the long runs of to-day—in the higher-priced seats, that is—and no theatre has a first-rate position that is not within a shilling cab-fare of the great hostleries. The Olympic was well within the range of the hotels near Charing Cross, but it was too far East, and there is no denying that the centre of theatre-land has shifted westward within the last ten or twelve years.





THE OXFORD CREW AT PUTNEY.

F. O. J. Huntley (bow), H. Du Vallon (2), J. Younger (3), A. De L. Long (4), H. J. Hale (5), F.W. Warre (6), T. B. Etherington-Smith (7), R. Culme-Seymour (stroke) and G. S. MacLagan (cox.)



THE CAMBRIDGE CREW AT PUTNEY.

R. H. Nelson (bow), B. C. Cox (2), B. W. D. Brooke (3), C. W. H. Taylor (4), G. Parker (5), H. B. Grylls (6), E. F. Duncanson (7), G. M. Maitland (stroke), and E. A. O. A. Jamieson (cox.).



## LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

**PARIS AT EASTER.—14-DAY EXCURSIONS.** Via Newhaven, Dieppe, and the Valley of the Seine. Thursday, April 4, from Victoria and London Bridge 10 a.m. (First and Second Class), and Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, April 3 to 6, from Victoria and London Bridge 8.50 p.m. (First, Second, and Third Class.) Fares, 39s. 3d.; 30s. 3d.; 26s. Special cheap return tickets from Paris to Switzerland are issued in connection with these excursions.

**NORMANDY AND BRITTANY AT EASTER.—SPECIAL CHEAP RETURN TICKETS.**

TO DIEPPE from London Bridge and Victoria, by Day or Night Service, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, April 4 to 8. Fares 24s., 19s., available for return up to April 9. TO CAEN, from London Bridge and Victoria, 8.50 p.m., Wednesday and Saturday, April 3 and 6. Fares, 30s., 25s., 15s. Returning April 8 or 12. Roads and Scenery recommended to Cyclists. Special Tickets issued, including Bicycle.

Details of Continental Manager, London Bridge Terminus.

## LONDON AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

## OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE ON SATURDAY, MARCH 30.

TRAINS from WATERLOO, VAUXHALL, and CLAPHAM JUNCTION to PUTNEY, BARNES, and MORTLAKE, at frequent intervals, as required, from 8 a.m., returning after the Race.

TRAINS leave LUDGATE HILL at 8.29 and 9.16 a.m. for HAMMERSMITH, arriving 9.11 and 9.59 a.m. respectively. These Trains call at Borough Road, Elephant and Castle, Walworth Road, Camberwell New Road (not 8.29 a.m.), Loughborough Junction, Brixton, and Clapham.

The Company's Station at Putney is very near the starting-point, and Mortlake Station is within a few hundred yards of the finish of the race.

## BARNES RAILWAY BRIDGE.

TICKETS TO VIEW THE RACE, price 10s. each (including the Railway-fare from any London and South-Western Station within 12 miles to Barnes and back), can be obtained at the following offices—

30, Regent Street, Piccadilly Circus\*; 9, Grand Hotel Buildings, Charing Cross\*; Exeter Buildings, Arthur Street West, London Bridge†; and the Booking Offices, Waterloo Station. Applications by post must be accompanied by remittance.

A SPECIAL TRAIN for holders of these tickets only will leave Waterloo (North Station), No. 8 platform, for Barnes Bridge direct, at 9.45 a.m., returning to Vauxhall and Waterloo about ten minutes after the Race.

\* These offices will remain open until 10 p.m., and the office marked † until 8 p.m. on Friday, March 29, for the sale of Barnes Bridge and other tickets.

CHAS. J. OWENS, General Manager.

## GREAT CENTRAL RAILWAY.

EASTER HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS from LONDON (MARYLEBONE), Woolwich (Arsenal and Dockyard), Greenwich, and Harrow-on-the-Hill.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 3, for 16 days, to IRELAND, including Dublin, Belfast, Cork, Londonderry, &c.

THURSDAY, APRIL 4, for 5 or 6 days, to the MIDLANDS, Lincolnshire, Lancashire, Yorkshire, and North-Eastern Districts, including Brackley, Rugby, Leicester, Loughborough, Nottingham, Sheffield, Worksop, Retford, Gainsborough, Grimsby, Hull, Rotherham, Bradford, Huddersfield, Halifax, Blackburn, Accrington, Burnley, Bolton, Warrington, Stockport, Liverpool, Manchester, Oldham, Ashton, Southport, Doncaster, York, Darlington, Durham, Newcastle, &c.

GOOD FRIDAY, for half-day and 1, 4, or 5 days and EASTER MONDAY for half-day and 1, 2, or 4 days, to FINMERE, Brackley, Rugby, Lutterworth, Leicester, Loughborough, and Nottingham.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 6, for 2, 3, or 4 days, to RUGBY, Lutterworth, Leicester, Loughborough, Nottingham, Sheffield, Stockport, Warrington, Liverpool, Manchester, &c.

SATURDAY, APRIL 6, for half-day and 2 or 3 days, SUNDAY, APRIL 7, for 1 or 2 days, and EASTER MONDAY, for 1 day, to Calvert, Brackley, Woodford, Rugby, Lutterworth, Ashby Magna, Leicester, Loughborough.

Certain of above trains will also call at Aylesbury and Rickmansworth.

Tickets, Bills, &c., at Marylebone, Terminus, of Messrs. Dean and Dawson, 55, Charing Cross, and at all Great Central Ticket Offices. WILLIAM POLLITT, General Manager. Manchester, March 1901.

## GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

## EASTER HOLIDAYS.

ON GOOD FRIDAY the trains will run as on Sundays, except that the 5.15 a.m. express from London (King's Cross), at ordinary fares, will be run to Peterborough, Grantham, Lincoln, Nottingham, Doncaster, Wakefield, Leeds, Bradford, and Halifax, stopping at the intermediate stations at which it ordinarily calls, and will be continued to York, Newcastle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Aberdeen, &c.

The CHEAP WEEK-END TICKETS, usually issued each Friday and Saturday, will be issued on Thursday, April 4, Good Friday, April 5 (if train service admits), or Saturday, April 6, available for return on any day (if train service admits) up to and including Tuesday, April 9, except day of issue.

CHARLES STEEL, General Manager.

## MIDLAND RAILWAY.

## EASTER HOLIDAYS.

## EXCURSIONS FROM ST. PANCRAS AND CITY AND SUBURBAN STATIONS.

## IRELAND.

\* TUESDAY, APRIL 2.—To LONDONDERRY (via Morecambe), by Direct Steamer, returning within 16 days, as per Sailing Bill.

\* WEDNESDAY, APRIL 3.—To DUBLIN, CORK, KILLARNEY, BALLINA, GALWAY, SLIGO, &c. (via Morecambe and via Liverpool), returning within 16 days, as per Sailing Bill.

\* WEDNESDAY, APRIL 3.—To BELFAST, LONDONDERRY, PORTLUSH, GIANT'S CAUSEWAY, ARMAGH, BUNDORAN, ENNISKILLEN, &c. (via Barrow and via Liverpool), returning any week-day within 16 days.

## SCOTLAND (5, 9, or 16 Days).

\* On THURSDAY, APRIL 4, a CHEAP FIVE AND NINE DAYS' TRIP, from St. Pancras, at 9.15 p.m., to Stirling, Perth, Dundee, Arbroath, Forfar, Brechin, Montrose, Aberdeen, Inverness, Nairn, Forbes, Ballater, &c.; and from St. Pancras at 10.5 p.m. to EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, Greenock, Helensburgh, Ayr, Kilmarnock, &c.; THIRD CLASS RETURN TICKETS at slightly more than the SINGLE ORDINARY FARE for the DOUBLE JOURNEY will also be issued, available for return ANY DAY WITHIN 16 DAYS from and including date of issue.

## THE PROVINCES.

\* THURSDAY, APRIL 4.—CHEAP TRAINS will be run from London (St. Pancras and City and Suburban Stations), to Matlock, Buxton, MANCHESTER, LIVERPOOL, Bolton, BLACKBURN, Bury, BLACKPOOL, ROCHDALE, Oldham, Sheffield, Barnsley, Wakefield, Halifax, LEEDS, BRADFORD, YORK, HULL, SCARBOROUGH, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Lancaster, MORECAMBE, BARROW and the FURNESS and LAKE DISTRICTS, and Carlisle; Leicester, BIRMINGHAM, NOTTINGHAM, Derby, Newark, Lincoln, Burton, Staffordshire Potteries, &c. Tickets will be available for returning on Monday, April 8, and Tuesday, April 9.

\* THURSDAY midnight, APRIL 4, from LONDON (St. Pancras) to LEICESTER, for 1, 4, or 5 days, and to LOUGHBOROUGH, NOTTINGHAM, SHEFFIELD, and MANCHESTER, for 4 or 5 days.

\* SATURDAY NIGHT, APRIL 6, to LEICESTER, LOUGHBOROUGH, NOTTINGHAM, SHEFFIELD, LEEDS, BRADFORD, MANCHESTER, LIVERPOOL, &c., for 2, 3, or 4 days, and on MONDAY, APRIL 8, to LEICESTER, LOUGHBOROUGH, and NOTTINGHAM for 1, 2, or 4 days.

\* Bookings from Woolwich and Greenwich by these trains.

## ST. ALBANS, &amp;c.

EASTER MONDAY, April 8, to ST. ALBANS, HARPENDEN, and LUTON, leaving St. Pancras at 9.25, 11 a.m., and 1 p.m., and to BEDFORD at 9.25 a.m.

## SOUTHEND-ON-SEA.

CHEAP WEEK-END and DAY EXCURSION TICKETS will be issued to SOUTHEND-ON-SEA during the Easter Holidays, as announced in Special Bills.

## WEEK-END TICKETS

will be issued on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, April 4, 5, and 6, from London (St. Pancras) to the PRINCIPAL SEASIDE AND INLAND HOLIDAY RESORTS, including the Peak District of Derbyshire, Morecambe, Lake District, Yorkshire, the North-East Coast, and Scotland, available for return on any day up to and including Tuesday, April 9, except day of issue.

Tickets and Programmes may be had at the MIDLAND STATIONS and City Booking Offices, and from Thos. Cook and Son, Ludgate Circus, and Branch Offices.

GEO. H. TURNER, General Manager.

## GERMAN PLAYS AT THE COMEDY.

"Rosenmontag," the modern military play by Otto Hartleben, which caused a great sensation in Berlin at the time of its production, has proved a big success at the Comedy. The cast is an original one, for it contains only one woman's part (exceedingly well played by Fräulein Sella), the remaining characters—with one exception—being soldiers. Young Lieutenant Hans Rudorff, the hero of the play, has a liaison with Gertrude Reimann, the daughter of a workman; but, far from being an affair *pour passer le temps*, he entertains for the girl a strong respect and affection, and is almost mad with grief to hear, on his return from a short absence, that she has proved unfaithful to him. Although appearances are very much against Gertrude, she has, in reality, been the victim of a plot to separate her from her lover. Rudorff (a strong part for Herr Andresen) returns to his love, but discovers no honourable way out of the situation, and, after a few days of happiness—on Rosenmontag—the day he was to have made his engagement public, he shoots himself, and, at her own earnest entreaty, Gertrude also.

The Fancy-Dress Ball announced as the final one proved so successful that Messrs. Frank Rendle and Neil Forsyth felt encouraged to give an extra ball at Covent Garden Opera House, a truly magnificent dancing arena with a beautifully smooth floor, on Friday next, the eve of the Boat-Race. The costume-prizes will be of crowning value.

The "Smoker" of the Royal College of Music Football Club in Kensington Town Hall was a huge success last Friday night, and well rewarded the Captain, Mr. E. Behr, for his labours in organising it. It was a "Ladies' Concert," and naturally the "sweet girl" collegians shone with especial brightness on the occasion. The dulcet songs of Miss Cicely Gleeson-White and Miss Delia White, and the piano-forte solo by Miss Florence Smith, well merited the hearty applause they evoked. That talented violinist, Mr. Philip Lewis, of whose remarkable ability the Royal College of Music may well be proud, distinguished himself afresh by the delicate charm with which he rendered Mr. Frank Bridge's exquisitely beautiful "Variations on a Welsh Air." The splendid bass voice of Mr. Norman Ridley, and the excellent singing also of Mr. Seth Hughes and Mr. Herbert Hulcap, among others, added to the enjoyment of a delightful evening.

## LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

## EASTER EXCURSIONS.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS will be run from EUSTON, KENSINGTON (Addison Road), BROAD STREET, WOOLWICH, WILLEDEN JUNCTION, and other London stations, as follows—

ON WEDNESDAY, APRIL 3, to DUBLIN, GREENORE, BELFAST, Ardglass, Armagh, Bray, Bundoran, Cork, Downpatrick, Dundalk, Enniskillen, Galway, Greystones, Killaloe, Killybegs, Limerick, Londonderry, Newcastle (co. Down), Newry, Ovoca, Portrush, Sligo, Thurles, Warrenpoint, Westport, Wexford, Wicklow, and other places in Ireland. To return within 16 days.

ON WEDNESDAY MIDNIGHT, APRIL 3, to Blackburn, Blackpool, Bolton, Carlisle, Carnforth, Chorley, English Lake District, Fleetwood, Furness Line Stations, Lancaster, Maryport, Morecambe, Preston, St. Helens, Southport, Wigan, &c., returning April 8 and 9.

ON THURSDAY, APRIL 4, to Aberdovey, Abergavenny, Abergelle, Aberystwyth, Bangor, Barmouth, Bettws-y-Coed, Blaenau Festiniog, Brynmawr, Builth Wells, Carmarthen, Carnarvon, Colwyn Bay, Conway, Criccieth, Dolgelly, Dowlais, Ebbw Vale, Harlech, Hereford, Holyhead, Llanberis, Llandilo, Llandrindod, Llandudno, Llangamarch, Llanwrtyd, Merthyr, Oswestry, Pwllheli, Rhayader, Rhyl, Shrewsbury, Swansea, Tredegar, Wellington, Welshpool, Wrexham, &c., returning April 8, 9 and 13.

To Ashbourne, Birkenhead, Birmingham, Burton, Chester, Coventry, Derby, Dudley, Leamington, Leicester, Macclesfield, North Staffordshire Company's Stations, Nuneaton, Rugby, Tamworth, Thorpe Cloud (for Dove Dale), Walsall, Warwick, Wolverhampton, &c., returning April 8 and 9.

To CARLISLE, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, Aberdeen, Arbroath, Ayr, Ballater, Banff, Brechin, Buckie, Callander, Castle Douglas, Crieff, Cruden Bay, Dumbarton, Dumfries, Dundee, Dunkeld, Elgin, Forfar, Fort William, Gourrock, Greenock, Inverness, Keith, Kirkcudbright, Moffat, Montrose, Nairn, Newton Stewart, Oban, Perth, Stirling, Stranraer, Strathpeffer, Whithorn, Wigton, and other places in Scotland, returning April 8 and 12, or within 16 days.

ON THURSDAY MIDNIGHT, APRIL 4, to Crewe, Liverpool, Stafford, Warrington, Widnes, Ashton, Manchester, Oldham, Stalybridge, Stockport, &c., returning April 8 and 9.

ON SATURDAY MIDNIGHT, APRIL 6, to Liverpool, Manchester, Warrington, and Stockport, returning April 8 and 9.

For Times, Fares, and full particulars, see Small Bills, which can be obtained at any of the Company's Stations and Town Offices.

Euston Station, London, April 1901.

FRED. HARRISON, General Manager.

## GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

## EASTER HOLIDAYS.

EXCURSIONS will leave PADDINGTON, KENSINGTON (ADDISON ROAD), HAMMERSMITH, &c., as under—

WEDNESDAY, April 3.—To WATERFORD, Clonmel, Tipperary, Limerick, Kilkenny, KILLARNEY, Belfast, Armagh, Enniskillen, Giant's Causeway, &c. for a fortnight or less.

THURSDAY, April 4.—To Newbury, Savernake, Marlborough, Devizes, Trowbridge, Frome, Wells, YEovil, Bridport, Dorchester, WEYMOUTH, &c., to return April 9, 11, or 13; to Swindon, BATH, BRISTOL, &c., to return April 8, 9, or 13; to WESTON-SUPER-MARE, to return April 8, 9, 11, or 13; to Bridgwater, Taunton, Minehead, Tiverton, BARNSTAPLE, Ilfracombe, EXETER, Dawlish, Teignmouth, Torquay, Dartmouth, Kingsbridge, Launceston, PLYMOUTH, Bodmin, Newquay, Falmouth, St. Ives, PENZANCE, &c., to return April 8, 11, or 13; to CIRENCESTER, GLOUCESTER, CHELTENHAM, Newport, CARDIFF, SWANSEA, Llanelly, Llandovery, Carmarthen, Tenby, NEW MILFORD, &c., to return April 8, 9, or 13; to CORK and KILLARNEY, for a fortnight or less; to Evesham, WORCESTER, Malvern, &c., to return April 9; to OXFORD, Leamington, Stratford-on-Avon, BIRMINGHAM, Wolverhampton, MANCHESTER, Chester, Birkenhead, LIVERPOOL, &c., to return April 8 or 9; and to Shrewsbury, Hereford, Welshpool, Harlech, Aberystwyth, Llangollen, Dolgelly, Barmouth, Llandudno, Bettws-y-Coed, Carnarvon, &c., to return April 8, 9, or 13.

GOOD FRIDAY and EASTER SUNDAY.—To READING, Pangbourne, Goring, Abingdon, OXFORD, &c., to return same day. Oxford passengers can also return April 9.

SATURDAY, April 6.—To Swindon, BATH, BRISTOL, WESTON-SUPER-MARE, GLOUCESTER, CHELTENHAM, Newport, CARDIFF, Swansea, Llanelly, Llandovery, Carmarthen, &c., to return April 8, 9, or 13.

EASTER MONDAY.—To Slough, READING, Newbury, Pangbourne, Goring, Wallingford, &c., to return same day; to Swindon, BATH, BRISTOL, Weston-Super-Mare, CIRENCESTER, GLOUCESTER, CHELTENHAM, &c., to return same day or April 9 or 13.

TUESDAY, April 9.—HALF-DAY TRIP TO SHAKESPEARE'S COUNTRY.—For Banbury, Leamington, and STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

CHEAP THIRD-CLASS RETURN-TICKETS will be issued by certain Trains on GOOD FRIDAY, SATURDAY, EASTER SUNDAY, and MONDAY, to Windsor 2s. 6d., Maidenhead 3s., Henley 3s. 6d., Goring 5s. 6d., &c.

Pamphlets and Tickets can be obtained at the Company's Stations and the usual Receiving Offices.

J. L. WILKINSON, General Manager.



## SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

*The Queen in Denmark.*

The various incidents connected with Her Majesty's first visit as Queen to the land of her birth are naturally being followed with great interest and sympathy by the British people. The Consort of Edward VII., though she has become so closely identified with her adopted country, has always remained in the closest touch with Denmark and Danish institutions. The King, who has been prevented from accompanying the Queen by stress of public business, hopes, however, to form one of the large family-party who will celebrate, on the 8th of next month, the venerable King Christian's eighty-third birthday. On that occasion, all King Christian's children and children-in-law will, in person, wish him "Many Happy Returns of the Day," and among the younger descendants will be the Grand Duchess Olga, the Imperial bride-elect of the moment, who has always been an especial pet at Copenhagen, the more so that she is there thought to resemble her aunt, the Duchess of Cumberland, at the same age. By the way, would it not be a good thing if advantage could be taken of these gatherings of members of the Russian and British Royal Families to bring about friendlier relations between Russia and Great Britain?

*The Shamrock and Queen Alexandra.*

Queen Alexandra was most happily inspired (as, indeed, she generally is) on St. Patrick's Day, for Her Majesty made memorable the occasion by sending four boxes of shamrock to the newly formed regiment of Irish Guards, and the "dear little shamrock," so beloved of Irishmen and Irishwomen, was duly delivered to the men on parade, some of them, it is said, being touched to tears by their Queen's thoughtful act of kindness. The Irish Guards are, for the moment, all the fashion. King Edward is Colonel-in-Chief, Lord Roberts Honorary Colonel, and among the officers are several well-known and popular Irish Peers, notably Lord Kerry and Lord Kingston. People went on wearing sprigs of shamrock all through last week, and Lady Limerick's League has evidently caught on—in fact, it is said that at one time it appeared as if the demand would be greatly in excess of the supply. Among those who sent a truly regal order to the beautiful Irish Countess was Sir Thomas Lipton, who is not only himself an enthusiastic Paddy by descent, but proved his love for Ould Ireland by christening his racing yacht *The Shamrock*.

*All in a Garden Fair.*

When at Sandringham, Queen Alexandra and her daughters spend a good deal of their time in a retired part of the grounds, of which the leading feature is a rockery. There Her Majesty, Princess Victoria, and Princess Charles of Denmark can always find coolness and quietness even during the hottest Dog-days. There now seems no doubt that Her Majesty and Princess Victoria will spend much of the early summer at Frogmore House, for, devoted as is the Queen to her Norfolk home, the journey to Sandringham, however expeditiously performed, takes a good deal longer than that to Windsor. King Edward will spend his week-ends in the charming house where he and his Queen spent so much of the first year of their married life. Many changes are being effected in Frogmore House, and the beautiful gardens, which are among the great charms of the place, are being swept and garnished with a view to the Queen spending much of her leisure in the lovely glades studded with some of the finest trees and rarest shrubs in the kingdom.

*The Royal Nursery.*

The British public will watch with great interest the comings and goings of the four baby Royalties who are to be bereft of their parents' care for so many months. The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York are said to have been deeply affected at parting from their little children, the more so that the two elder Princes and the Princess are quite old

enough to understand the sad word "Good-bye." In Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria the Royal nursery will have, however, the kindest and most vigilant of guardians, and at the present moment Prince Edward and his brothers and sister are actually the guests at Marlborough House of their grandfather and Aunt Victoria. Some people were surprised that the Royal children were not present at the leave-taking on the *Ophir*; but in denying themselves the solace of their presence the Duke and Duchess did a wise and kind thing, and in this matter followed the excellent example set them by the late Sovereign, who never allowed her children when in early childhood to be brought prominently forward on public occasions—save on the first visit to Ireland.

*Princess Henry of Battenberg.*

When one remembers how many long years Princess Henry was the inseparable companion of her illustrious mother, it cannot be wondered that Her Royal Highness is living an almost entirely secluded life at the Villa Cynos, and still feels her bereavement most acutely. The Empress Eugénie (who is no stranger to sorrow, and had for many years experienced numerous tokens of esteem and favour from Queen Victoria) and Princess Henry have been together a good deal of late, and to the latter it has been an especial comfort to have so faithful and tried a friend with her at a time of mourning. On her return journey, Princess

Beatrice will spend some time with her sister, the Empress Frederick, and may also make a brief stay with her sister-in-law, Countess Marie von Erbach-Schönberg, near Darmstadt.



Princess Charles. Queen Alexandra. Princess Victoria.  
A SANDRINGHAM SOUVENIR: THE QUEEN, PRINCESS VICTORIA, AND PRINCESS CHARLES OF DENMARK.

Photo by Fall, Baker Street, W.

was one of the then Prince of Wales's first Equerries, and he occupied high posts about the late Court. Lord Carrington is one of Lord Suffield's sons-in-law; he has done good work for his country, having been perhaps the most popular Governor of New South Wales ever known. His Lordship was for a period Lord Chamberlain. His pretty elder daughter became the other day Lady Marjorie Wilson. The King has also honoured the gallant soldier who was for so many years considered "our only General" in sending Lord Wolseley to the Sultan.

*An Imperial Engagement.*

The engagement of the Emperor of Russia's only unmarried sister, the Grand Duchess Olga, to Duke Peter of Oldenburg is a very interesting event, if only because it disposes of the frequent rumours concerning the young Princess's forthcoming marriage first to one and then to another great Royal personage now playing a part in the actual politics of Europe. Rarely indeed do the Russian Grand Duchesses marry outside their own small circle. So true is this that the marriage of the Emperor Nicholas's only daughter to the then Duke of Edinburgh created quite a painful impression at the time it occurred, the Russian people feeling as if their beloved Princess were going into long exile.

*The Imperial Bride-Elect.*

The Grand Duchess Olga, who among Royal ladies has the singular distinction of possessing only one Christian name, will be nineteen in June. She was born in the splendid Palace of Peterhof, and was the only one of the late Czar's children whose birth took place after her father's accession to the Imperial Throne. The Grand Duchess is very Russian in



appearance, and does not recall any of the three beautiful daughters of the King of Denmark; indeed, it is curious to see how she and the Grand Duchess Xenia resemble the portraits of the eighteenth-century Princesses of the House of Romanoff. The wedding will almost

certainly take place at Peterhof, as did that of her elder sister. Her dowry will consist of a million roubles; and the Emperor, who is much attached to his brother and to his two sisters, will almost certainly present the young couple with one of the Imperial Palaces.

Duke Peter of Oldenburg is nearly fourteen years older than the Grand Duchess Olga. He belongs to what may be called the Russian branch of the Oldenburg family, and so is doubly related to his future mother-in-law. He is the only son of a couple who are very popular in St. Petersburg society, namely, the Duke and Duchess Alexander of Oldenburg—the former not only a distinguished General in the Russian Army, but also a member of the Council of the Empire, and, through his mother, closely related to the Romanoffs. Owing to the fact that the Oldenburg family are exceptionally fond of contracting morganatic marriages, the

City is a man of wide culture and excellent taste? Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Sir Henry Fowler have often had to discuss the *pros* and *cons* of a scheme connected with the beautifying of those towns in which they take a civic interest; and the same may be said of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, to whom modern Birmingham owes not a little in the matter of beautiful and appropriate buildings and the decoration of streets and squares. Mr. Akers-Douglas has probably a unique knowledge of London parks and of their capabilities, and Lord Esher, the Hon. Sec. of the King's Committee, has actually at the present moment the Board of Works under his fostering care—a fact which has already resulted in many improvements in that portion of London within his jurisdiction.

#### Grosvenor House Bazaar.

The gathering at Grosvenor House held in honour of Irish Industries was particularly interesting from a sartorial point of view, as it was the first at which the great London world has been able to disport itself during the last two months, for, in the matter of clothes, wedding receptions can scarcely be said to count, many people going out of mourning on such occasions. It must, however, be admitted that mourning—and, what is more, real mourning—is still the rule and not the exception. Most of



PRINCESS VICTORIA OF YORK.  
Photo by Alice Hughes, Gower Street.

Grand Duchess Olga will not find her circle of Royal relations very much increased by her marriage. Now that the Czar's sister is engaged to be married, the only marriageable Russian Grand Duchess is the Princess Helena, the beautiful daughter of the Grand Duke Vladimir, who, it has been hinted, would not be averse to sharing the future throne of the German Crown Prince.

#### The Victoria Memorial.

There now seems little doubt that the wide space at the Buckingham Palace end of the Mall will be chosen as the site of the Victoria Memorial, of which, it need hardly be said, the leading feature will be a fine statue of our late beloved Sovereign. At the present moment it is interesting to recall the fact that the Albert Memorial cost £130,000, of which only £60,000 was defrayed by public subscription, the rest of this immense sum being contributed by Queen Victoria and by members of the Royal Family. It is earnestly to be desired, not only for the sake of the country, but for the Empire at large, that the Victoria Memorial shall be in every sense of the word worthy of the great Sovereign whom it is to commemorate for future ages. King Edward has taken the deepest personal interest in the matter, and the Lord Mayor, Corporation, and great Livery Companies of London have nobly subscribed to the national fund for the Memorial.

#### The King's Committee.

Lord Salisbury and Lord Rosebery may be said to represent the two great Opposition camps of the Committee in whom will be vested the final decision concerning the Victoria Memorial. Lord Cadogan and Lord Balfour of Burleigh, for the moment, at any rate, would seem to represent Ireland and Scotland; and who so fitted to voice London's feeling in the matter as her Lord Mayor, the more so that the present head of the



COUNTESS TORBY, WIFE OF THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL OF RUSSIA.  
Photo by Alice Hughes, Gower Street.

the beautiful saleswomen, as well as those of their more frivolous friends who came to admire and to buy those Irish trifles of all kinds which are just now so popular, were gowned in deepest black. Here and there both pale mauve and deep purple gave a welcome touch of colour. On the first day of the sale, Lady Castlereagh was a symphony in palest violet; Lady Hamilton was in another shade of the same dainty tint; and Lady Wimborne had lightened up a purple cloth dress with an exquisite parure of diamonds and rubies. But these, on the whole, were the exceptions that proved the rule; and the Commander-in-Chief was received by Lady Lansdowne garbed in a sombre costume lightened up only by superb diamonds. On the second day the sale was opened by the new Duchess of Westminster in person, Her Grace being gowned in a white dress and wearing a large grey hat and neck-ruffle.

#### Mr. Cadbury's Benefactions.

Mr. George Cadbury's munificence in connection with the housing of the working classes in sanitary and healthful dwellings has already been mentioned. He has now conveyed to trustees the estate of Bournville, four miles from the centre of Birmingham, extending to 330 acres, upon which nearly four hundred cottages have been erected. The value of the gift is estimated at between £170,000 and £180,000. In the deed of gift, provision is made for the regulation of the drink traffic, and all profits from such a source are to be spent on recreation or counter-attractions to the liquor trade.



MAIN ENTRANCE TO TANDERAGEE CASTLE, WHERE THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF MANCHESTER ARE COMPLETING THEIR HONEYMOON.

Photo by Simmons, Portadown.



### A Ducal Honeymoon.

Tanderagee Castle is *en fête*, and the inhabitants of the picturesque little town which hails the Duke of Manchester as its lord and master gave their Graces a true Irish welcome home. The Castle, which is one of the oldest of Irish strongholds, contains some very charming rooms, and the Duke's mother, Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester, is said to have been



CONSUELO, DUCHESS OF MANCHESTER.

Photo by Simmons, Portadown.

farfonder of Tanderagee than of Kimbolton, the suite of rooms which was once hers, and which has now passed into the possession of another American Duchess, being particularly bright and pretty. Many newly made Benedicts would have felt somewhat annoyed at being interrupted in the midst of a prolonged honeymoon by the threat of a breach-of-promise action, but the Duke of Manchester seems to have accepted the situation with the greatest philosophy, and now the matter is said to have dropped.

The good folk of Tanderagee have been much interested in the fine pug-dog that served, according to popular rumour, as engagement-ring to the Duke of Manchester and his fair American fiancée. The Duchess, who is very original,

thought the ordinary betrothal token too commonplace to meet her own and the Duke's romantic taste; accordingly, she persuaded him to present her with an engagement-dog, and it is said that in this matter the young Duchess may have set a fashion.

### A New Engagement.

The engagement of Lady Victoria Innes-Ker, the second daughter of the Duchess of Roxburghe, to Captain C. H. Villiers, of the Royal Horse Guards, foreshadows a great matrimonial function in May or June. Curiously enough, the engagement was announced almost immediately after the departure of the Duke of Roxburghe, who accompanies the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York to the Colonies.

The bridegroom is, of course, a brother officer of the Duke, and his senior both in age and in the Service. Lady Victoria, who is three-and-twenty, was one of the numerous god-daughters of Her late Majesty. Her elder sister, Lady Margaret, lost her husband, Major James Orr-Ewing, during the South African Campaign.



THE DUKE OF MANCHESTER.

### The German Emperor.

The Kaiser is, happily, progressing most favourably (writes *The Sketch* Berlin Correspondent). The wound is nearly completely closed up, and the doctors in charge of the Royal patient hope that but little trace will be left of the original cut. There will, of course, be a slight scar, in the shape of a thin line, visible, but nothing more. His Majesty works incessantly, and is constantly receiving Ministers of State in his private apartments. He seems absolutely no worse for the unfortunate and, as yet, but poorly explained accident. His Majesty had an amusing request forwarded to him the other day from four schoolboys: they petitioned the Kaiser to give them any old uniforms no longer used by the Royal Princes, as they had no money left in their coffers for the purchase of fresh uniforms for their Eastern Army! To add to the vividness of their description of their wonted amusement of playing at soldiers, they presented the Emperor with sketches of their parade-ground and quarters. The Emperor was apparently much amused by the petition, and presented out of his private purse fifty shillings to the leaders of this Eastern Army! So goes the tale, at any rate.

### The Empress Frederick.

Her Majesty the Empress Dowager Frederick appears to be as well as can be expected, and has been out driving several times of late, sometimes with Prince and Princess Adolf of Schaumburg-Lippe and sometimes with Prince and Princess Frederick Carl, her medical adviser,



THE DUCHESS OF MANCHESTER AND HER "ENGAGEMENT-DOG."

Dr. Spielhagen, always attending as well. Amongst other visitors at Cronberg in the last few days have been the Grand Duke and Duchess of Hesse. Her Majesty the Empress Frederick has been much interested in the execution of the memorial statue of the late Emperor Frederick, now in course of construction, and has herself made many sketches showing how she desires it to stand and in what position.

### The German Crown Prince.

As I pointed out some weeks ago (adds my Berlin Correspondent), the Crown Prince will pursue his studies for some two years at the University of Bonn, where his father also studied in his youth. Preparations are already going on at Bonn for his reception, Colonel von Pritzelwitz being in charge thereof. Baron von Lyncker, the Court Chamberlain, has also been staying at Bonn, in order to arrange for the residence of His Royal Highness. The Emperor bought a very nice villa some time ago for the purpose, and it is there that the Crown Prince will reside. The corps of which the Crown Prince will be a member rejoices in the name of the "Borussia" Corps, and has the honour of counting the German Emperor amongst its members. It is expected that the Crown Prince will join the University after this year's Autumn Manœuvres, in which he will probably take an active part.

*From the Far East.* I have to acknowledge with thanks the receipt all the way from Japan of a copy of the *Niroku-Shimpo*, published in Tokyo. With the exception of one column printed in English characters, and written, too, in very excellent English, this newspaper is in Japanese, for the interpretation of which, however, I must confess my goodwill does not carry me very far. The article in English deals with the alleged atrocities of certain of the soldiers of the Allies in China, and calls upon the world to denounce them.



*Snapshots from the "St. George."* One of the Warships which preceded the Royal Yacht *Ophir* to Gibraltar was H.M.S. *St. George*, which had a passage quite smooth compared with that of the great Orient liner through the Bay of Biscay, oh! "A chiel's amang them" taking snapshots on board the *St. George*, and among those sent home were the couple here reproduced—one portraying the



"BOBS," COMMODORE WINSLOE'S FAVOURITE DOG, ON BOARD H.M.S. "ST. GEORGE," WITH CHIEF ENGINEER.

faithful dog of Commodore Winsloe, who deprived himself of the pleasure of his company on board the *Ophir*, and the other proving to demonstration that Jack fares very well indeed under the Union Jack.

*H.M.S. "Ophir" in the Bay.* Many people will feel a good deal of genuine sympathy with the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York on hearing that their Royal Highnesses were not treated to the Bay of Biscay's best weather. "The Bay," as it is significantly known among English-speaking folk, can make itself very disagreeable at times, and apparently the Royal yacht *Ophir* met with such boisterous weather that it was feared the arrival of the Royal party at Gibraltar would be seriously delayed in consequence. The Duke is an excellent sailor, but the Duchess is said not to be so fortunate. But "Gib." was reached in safety last Wednesday morning; and their Royal Highnesses landed, and met with a very hearty reception indeed from Sir George and Lady White and from the loyal British residents on "the Rock." The festivities were continued on Thursday.

*The Accolade of Knighthood.* A great deal has been made of the fact that the King has empowered the Duke of Cornwall and York to confer the distinction of knighthood during His Royal Highness's travels. It is very much to be doubted whether any notification in the *Gazette* was necessary. From time immemorial, not only the Heir to the Crown, but all great nobles—that is, Lords of Shires, Counties, or Marches—could confer the accolade. Even now, the Viceroy of Ireland is so privileged, and, if I mistake not, the Viceroy of India. It is not generally known that the eldest son of every Baronet can claim to be knighted by right of birth. This distinction has not often been claimed, but that the custom holds good has been proved several times. The wives of Knights are styled "Lady" only by courtesy, and probably no one remembers nowadays the story of the old Princess Amelia, who, very aged and deaf, was about to embrace the spouse of an eminent citizen of London, mistaking her for a Peer's daughter, when the Gentleman-in-Waiting exclaimed, "Don't kiss her, Your Royal Highness; she's not a real lady!"

*The Renovated Buckingham Palace.* It is, I believe, the desire of the King that, after the alterations have been completed, Buckingham Palace shall take, diplomatically, the place of St. James's Palace. This means that Buckingham Palace will be regarded as the head-centre of the Royal residences of the Empire. "If it be allowable to make a suggestion in this respect (writes

a correspondent), I would venture to propose that 'Buckingham' should be abolished in future, and that the home of our King and Queen should be known as St. George's Palace. St. George is our Patron Saint. I speak as an Englishman. Why, then, have the Court of St. James, who looks after none of His Majesty's dominions?" A scheme has been submitted for covering the inner court of Buckingham Palace with glass. This would not only be a great improvement, but also a great convenience.

*Sir John Edwards-Moss.* Whenever the University Boat-Race comes in view, the name of Sir John Edwards-Moss is to the front in the newspaper reports of the practice of the crews, especially of Oxford. Both "Johnny" and his regretted brother "Tom" were Captains of the Boats at Eton, and also rowed for Oxford. About "Johnny" there used to be told a good story. An athlete both on shore and stream, he was, when a big Eton boy, privileged to wear all sorts of colours, and these he was, not unnaturally, fond of displaying. The cap of the Eton Eight is not, as most non-Etonians suppose, light blue, but white. "Johnny," or, as he was then affectionately called, "Sanguinary Moses," was one day playing football in the Field (the school-ground), when a stranger, noticing his parti-coloured shirt and his striped socks, said, "But what a beastly dirty cook's cap that fellow has!" "Johnny," who was playing "long behind," overheard the remark, turned round, and exclaimed, as he recognised the speaker, "Yes, old chap, but you knew the front of it in the Ladies' Plate last year at Henley!" The speaker had steered the losing boat.

*Mr. Henry Beauchamp's Concert.* The Complimentary Concert at St. Martin's Town Hall to Mr. Henry Beauchamp, on the eve of the University Boat-Race, seems likely to prove a big success. The Patronage Committee now includes Lord Alverstone (the Lord Chief Justice of England), Lord Onslow, Sir E. Ashmead-Bartlett, M.P., Sir Robert Mowbray, M.P., Colonel Lockwood, M.P., Mr. F. C. Burnand, Mr. Arthur A'Beckett, Mr. Arthur Collins (manager of Drury Lane Theatre), and many others. Mr. A. P. Williams-Freeman, of the Garrick Club, is the Hon. Treasurer, and Mr. S. S. Allen, of the Middle Temple, is the Hon. Secretary. The bill of fare is very attractive, including not only the Lady Mandoline and Guitar Players, under the direction of Señor Zerega, but also Miss Violet Cameron, Captain A. G. Bagot, Miss Marguerite Broadfoote, Miss Fanny Leslie, Miss Helen Mar; Mr. Arthur Roberts, Mr. Courtice Pounds, Mr. J. L. Shine, Mr. Phil May, Mr. Carl Hertz, Miss Louie Pounds, Mr. Will Crackles, and the Gotham Quartette. I also hear good tidings



SNAPSHOT ON THE "ST. GEORGE": "THE ROCK" IN SIGHT.

of a charming débutante, Miss Lily Walbrook, who has been studying for four years at the Guildhall School of Music. Her master, Signor de Solla, prophesies a brilliant future for his pupil. So mote it be. Naturally, Mr. Richard Warner, the stage director, will keep "the ball a-rolling" merrily. I should state that tickets may be had of either Mr. Williams-Freeman, Mr. Allen, or of Mr. Ashton, at his Library, 38, Old Bond Street.



*For Service in China.*

Despite the "naval experts" of a section of the Halfpenny Press, Vice-Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge, K.C.B., is *not* going to China "to relieve Admiral Sir Michael Culme-Seymour," if only for the reason that the officer in question does not happen to be stationed there. The officer whom Sir Cyprian will relieve, however, on arrival in the Far East, is Vice-Admiral Sir Edward Hobart Seymour—a very different person altogether. It is just as well to be accurate in these little matters. Entering the Navy in 1853, Sir Cyprian attained his present rank in 1898. During the long interval between these dates, he saw some active service in the White Sea, in India, and in Burma, sat on a number of Committees dealing with ordnance matters, and for five years discharged the duties of Director of Naval Intelligence. Shortly after vacating this last appointment, he became (in 1895) Commander-in-Chief on the Australian Station, remaining there in this capacity until January 1898. Like several of his brother officers, Sir Cyprian Bridge has used his pen as well as his sword. The result has been a volume on "Naval Strategy."

An "Ex 42nd Highlander" writes to a Service journal: "In this week's *Illustrated London News* there is a photo portraying the march of the home contingent through Melbourne. In it the band of the Highland Light Infantry appears resplendent in feather bonnets. Is this a joke or is it a forecast or a hint that this renowned corps is to be adorned like other Highlanders with this head-dress?" The old 42nd man then goes on to give a fairly exhaustive history of the 71st (the 1st Battalion of the Highland Light Infantry). So it seems strange he does not know that the members of the band have worn the feather bonnet for many years. I do not know when it was adopted; but in the late Colonel Cooper-King's "British Army" (Cassell and Co.), among the types illustrated is a band-sergeant of the "H.L.I." in the bonnet; and in the 1888 edition of "Ranks and Badges," by Captain Ottley Lane Perry, under the heading "Chacoos" appears this item: "Only the Highland Light Infantry wear chacoos (with a diced border). The Band of this regiment wear feather bonnets." In a note it is recorded that "the diced border is crimson, white, and green, the 'hackle' scarlet." If the 42nd man had been in Fleet Street on the occasion of His Majesty's Proclamation, he might have seen some bandmen of the "H.L.I." with their battalion wearing what would have looked to him like the "Black Watch" head-dress with its scarlet hackle. Though the "Black Watch" as a regiment alone boast this latter distinction, the Seaforth band as well as that of the "H.L.I." wear the scarlet feather.

*"The Lancashire Lads."*

Mr. Brodrick's scheme has naturally aroused a good deal of criticism, favourable and otherwise; but whatever may be its shortcomings, in not providing more regular cavalry regiments, and in other directions in which it is certainly open to grave objections, his reliance on the Militia appears to be well based. Thus, when the 3rd (Militia) Battalion of the

Loyal North Lancashires left Malta for South Africa recently, General Sir F. Grenfell had nothing but praise not only for its good conduct and soldier-like behaviour, but, as Commander-in-Chief of the island, he had particularly noted the interest taken by officers and men in the tactical field-days. A General Officer who saw the battalion embark, nearly nine hundred strong, writes that, in over forty years' service, he had never seen a regiment "look so well—smart, active, and perfect discipline."

A touch of pathos was added to the scene by the presence on the landing-stage of the officer largely responsible for the efficiency of this fine corps, Colonel Leith Bonhôte. Medically rejected as unfit for South African service, he stood, grief-stricken, while the *Formosa* left the harbour, his men cheering him and the band playing "Auld Lang Syne."

Colonel Bonhôte had been connected with the battalion for over twenty years. The one-time "Duke of Lancaster's Own" already bear the honour "Mediterranean," and, should occasion serve, will, no doubt, add to the renown won by the 1st Battalion at Kimberley under their commander, Colonel Kekewich. "Bobs" himself is Honorary Colonel of the 3rd Battalion.

Lord Rosebery, with his characteristic interest in public men, has offered the suggestion that Sir John Tenniel, whose long service on *Punch* has been suitably acknowledged and celebrated by his colleagues, should be made the subject of something like national recognition. The function, it has been decided, will take the form of a dinner, on June 12, in the White-hall Rooms of the Hôtel Métropole, noted for its excellent chef. Mr. Arthur J. Balfour, Viscount Goschen, Lord James of Hereford, and Lord Rothschild have intimated their desire to take part in the compliment to Sir John. The company of hosts, which will include, as a matter of course, the foremost men in science, art, literature, and the drama, will be constituted pretty much on the basis of the assembly of guests at a Royal Academy dinner.

Lord Rosebery's eldest son and heir, now in his twentieth year, is an enthusiastic athlete, and consequently much interested in all the big football

events. Taller than his illustrious father, Lord Dalmeny shares many of his parent's sympathies, but, as a matter of course, inclines more to outdoor sports and pastimes, and less to the privacy of the study, than is the case with the ex-Premier. Lord Dalmeny, too, is a thorough believer in Britain's destiny as a World-Power, and with his Imperialist sympathies is an upholder of those who advocate an efficient Navy and a thoroughly equipped Army sufficient for all emergencies. He has a distinct liking for horsemanship, and at a not distant date will, it is believed, join the famous Scots Greys.

Mr. Bret Harte has collected another series of his short stories, which will be published shortly, with the title of "Under the Redwoods." A volume of Mr. Quiller-Couch's short stories, entitled "Wreckwood," will also be issued shortly by Messrs. Cassell.



VICE-ADMIRAL SIR CYPRIAN BRIDGE, K.C.B., THE NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF FOR THE CHINA STATION.

Photo by Russell and Sons, Southsea.



*The Naval Budget.* Mr. Arnold-Forster's speech in submitting the Navy Estimates for the year had not the wide sweep or the authority of Lord Goschen's annual statement, but it was thoroughly clear and crisp. No one doubts the ability of the new Secretary to the Admiralty, but the critic who turns official is subjected to close scrutiny, and Mr. Arnold-Forster's debating power will be tested in defending the scheme for which Lord Selborne



MADAME RENZE ON HER SKIPPING HORSE.

Photo by Meisse, Berlin.

is chiefly responsible. The First Lord went to the House of Commons to hear his colleague's speech; but, as it was delayed for several hours, he left before it was reached. Estimates of nearly thirty-one millions formed a formidable budget, the vote of nine millions for new construction being the largest devoted to that purpose in one year. There is to be a new gun which Mr. Arnold-Forster anticipates will be equal, if not superior, to any gun in the Navy of any foreign Power. Submarine-boats are to be built, in order to give us practical experience of vessels on which so much reliance is placed by France.

*A Successful Private Member.*

Mr. J. W. Crombie, a Scottish Liberal, has made one of the "hits" of the Session. Coming out high in the ballot for days, and being "fancy free," he took to himself the Bill prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquor to children. His day came last week, when he charmed the House by a neat, graceful, eloquent speech. In twenty-three minutes he presented the whole of his case in a very agreeable manner, and when he sat down he was almost smothered by the embraces of friends. Mr. Crombie is a cloth-manufacturer with literary tastes. He is author of "Some Poets of the People in Foreign Lands," and is full of folk-lore. His wife's father and uncle, the Messrs. Wason, confront one another on opposite sides of the House. He is very delicate-looking, but has a high spirit.

*Torture of the Commons.*

Obstructives have not enjoyed for many years so fine an innings as in the present Session. Parliament was opened too late; there were a large number of Supplementary Estimates, and these, in addition to Army and Navy votes, had to be passed before the end of March. Thus the obstructives found an opportunity, and they made the most of it. Night after night the sittings have been prolonged through the small hours. When British members ceased to talk, the Irish began. For them bed had no attraction. The later the hour, the more fluent they became. Some of the new Nationalists have mastered the game with amazing rapidity, and have badgered the Government and worried the Chair with the coolness and skill of veterans. New curbs have been prepared, but there are no curbs strong enough to restrain resolute obstructives. The Government supporters have undergone a process of slow torture, and the torture continues to be applied in the most scientific manner by Mr. John Redmond.

*A Charming Exhibition.*

For the first time for many years past, Royal exhibitors will be conspicuous by their absence from the Royal Amateur Art Exhibition, of which Her Majesty the Queen is President. This year's show of beautiful things, each and all the work of people of whom it may truly be said "they toil not, neither do they spin," is being held at 7, Chesterfield Gardens, and will be open till Friday (29th). One of the pleasantest features of the Exhibition is that, in addition to modern work done by the various members, beautiful old specimens are also shown. Thus, in curious contrast to Lady Carew's exquisite needlework panel, entirely worked by herself and by her sister, Mrs. Clifford Cory, will be a quaint piece of needlework done by Queen Anne and lent by Mr. Gilbert. Lord Newton, of Lyme, contributes an embroidered frame worked by the fair fingers of Mary Queen of Scots.

*Other Exhibitors.*

The Duchess of Wellington is represented by some beautiful Battersea enamels, and Lady Radnor is lending a number of her exquisite wax medallions. Those interested in such things would do well to see the wonderful series of London "Cries" lent by Mr. Spencer Daniell, while Mrs. Alfred Morrison has shown this year her interesting and valuable series of Coronation medals. Countess Feodore Gleichen is showing her fine bust of Queen Victoria, and, perhaps, of all the exhibits the most interest attaches to a frame containing eight drawings by our late Sovereign and Prince Albert, given by them to General Sir Francis Seymour.

*Mr. Carnegie's Munificent Benefactions.*

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, whose munificent benefactions to Pittsburg and to his employes in that town, previous to his leaving for Europe, are regarded in the United States as not only magnificent, but as profoundly sagacious, replied to a friend who had asked how much money he had already given, "I have only just begun to give." During the past three years, Mr. Carnegie, characteristically modest through it all, has bestowed a sum of no less than £2,000,000 on public libraries alone in America. Many towns in the northern portion of this country have in that time also been the recipients of Mr. Carnegie's bounty, and it has been believed for some time that the Technical School in Glasgow and the University of the Second City, which celebrates its seventh jubilee next June, are to be large sharers this year of the liberality of the generous Scoto-American multi-millionaire. Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie proceed to Cannes, on a visit to Lord and Lady Rendel; they will stay there till May, when they will return to their Highland home at Skibo, Sutherlandshire, remaining there till October.

*The Hippodrome.*

Mr. H. E. Moss has, I am glad to hear, returned from Monte Carlo in a much better state of health, and is doubtless highly gratified to find the remarkably beautiful and brilliant, elegant and tasteful representation of "Cinderella" at the London Hippodrome still attractive. One of the handsomest, brightest, and most comfortable theatres in the world, the Hippodrome eminently merits the popularity it enjoys; and the entertainment continues to be judiciously diversified. Of the equestrian part of the programme, the chief features are the really wonderful feats of horsemanship by Mr. and Mrs. Renze, photographs of whom I have the pleasure to present. The



MR. ERNEST RENZE AND HIS FAMOUS LIBERTY HORSES.

Photo by Meisse, Berlin.

performance of Mrs. Renze's well-trained Skipping Horse is of a startling nature, as may be judged from the snapshot given. The "Unicorn Equestrian Act" is similarly clever. The other items of the Hippodrome bill have been too recently commended in these columns to be dwelt upon again in *The Sketch*.



*Aristocratic Artists.*

Aristocratic Society in France (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*) cultivates the Muses with brilliant success. Its members have been holding an exhibition of painting and sculpture, in which figure only Society amateurs. The work is largely portraits and landscapes, though several gentlemen make a speciality of hunting-dogs. We are promised



THE LATE M. GOT IN HIS PRIME.

a Musical and Literary Soirée, at which the works of amateurs will be interpreted by amateurs. Among the musical composers will be Prince Edward de Polignac, the Marquis d'Ivry, Count H. de Fontenailles, and among the poets the Countess Mathieu de Noailles, the Baroness de Baye, Viscount de Guerne, Count Robert de Montesquieu, and Count Jacques de Briey. The vocalists will be of no less distinction, among them being the Princess de Brancovan, who is a pupil of Gounod and a true virtuoso, and the Viscountess de Tredern, who has a magnificent and perfectly trained voice. The last gave recently at her château, where she has a perfectly fitted playhouse, a performance of Wagner's "Parsifal," in which she herself sustained the principal rôle.

*Sophie Croizette.* One of the most talented and most original actresses that for a half-century past have trodden the boards of the Comédie-Française, Sophie Croizette (Mrs. Jacques Stern), recently died in Paris. She was of Russian birth and was of great beauty. Her short career—it ran only from 1869 to 1881—was brilliant, and gave rise to discussions which at one time divided all Paris on her account into Guelphs and Ghibellines. Her playing was an innovation at the Comédie; it introduced there for the first time the modern naturalism, and it scandalised the conservatives, divided the Comédie itself into two camps, and forced her friends into a violent attitude of defence. When, after the Franco-German War, the Comédie re-established its fallen fortunes by a season in England, it was Sophie Croizette who played the leading rôles. She was contemporary at the Comédie with Sarah Bernhardt, and, after Bernhardt's brusque departure, took that artist's rôles. She retired from the stage to marry a rich American banker residing in Paris, M. Jacques Stern.

*The late M. Got.* Within a day of the death of Sophie Croizette, another great French player, Edmond Got, passed away, leaving a superb reputation as comedian. He appeared with that admirable actress in "L'Etrangère," and other plays. English playgoers knew and appreciated him, for he came over to London with the Comédie-Française, the institution which at one time he vainly sought to leave by intervention of the Law Courts. Got was a representative of the best style of French acting, and in several important parts, such as Giboyer, Poirier, and the Rabbi in "L'Ami Fritz," has left an ineffaceable memory. Yet they are characters widely different in type. He retired from the stage about six years ago, at the age of seventy-three, though, in fact, his work showed no signs of the effect of time. For a long time before his death (which took place on Wednesday last) he suffered from severe illness, and, indeed, was never told of the destruction by fire of the Théâtre-Français, scene of his many triumphs.

*The Paris Theatres.* I was talking with one of the unfortunate concessionaires for variety shows in the Exhibition, and he showed me his books, and they were sad reading. It would be difficult to say whether the theatres benefited by the 1900 Fair. The returns show 54,000,000 francs; but,

considering that this sum represents a twelve-months' run instead of nine, as in ordinary years, this proves little. The Porte St.-Martin has produced Moreau's version of "Quo Vadis?" with eighty-four speaking parts. It will be a failure, because the author has entirely subordinated the Christian interest of the novel for the more picturesque scenic effects that the Pagan side offered. The ridiculous after-thought of the author to introduce the Redeemer with the simple remark, "Quo vadis, Domine?" as addressed to St. Peter in flight, was incomprehensible to anyone who had read the romance. There is a roaringly funny piece at the Cluny, in which, by way of a joke, the friends of a famous automobilist get him arrested as an escaped monkey—on account of his huge fur coat and his blue glasses—and locked up in a cage with the monkeys of a wandering menagerie.

*Yvette as Manageress.*

I have exceptionally good reason (adds my Paris Correspondent) for stating that Yvette Guilbert will shortly spring a surprise on the theatrical world, and it was only by an indiscretion that the information came into my possession. There were two shops to let in the Boulevard Clichy, and Yvette took the two, and, without any suggestion as to the purpose for which they were being converted, the builders worked by night and by day. The fact is that Yvette has decided to open a Montmartre cabaret, and success is a foregone conclusion. The proprietor of the "Quartz-Arts," which is just opposite, told me himself the other night that he had made forty thousand pounds in three years with his cabaret. This move of Yvette's will be the revival of Montmartre. Then will some think of the Quartier Latin, which is as dead as a Dodo that never lived.

*Rochefort and Kruger.*

I have (says a Special Correspondent) some peculiar details in my possession as to what exactly happened at the Rochefort-Kruger interview at The Hague, when it was a question of issuing so many lottery-tickets, in order to raise £1,000,000 for the Boer farmers. Kruger listened attentively to the suggestions of Rochefort as to the advantage of giving up smoking, as being detrimental to the eyes. Then he smiled and said, "I thank you for the suggestion. You understand that I am a Christian? Are you?" This put Rochefort at once on very thin ice, and he shuffled. Kruger continued, "A very excellent suggestion, excellent—that concerning smoking!" but the puffs of his huge pipe did not hide his smile of amusement at the suggestions of this blatant blasphemer. This is all to the credit of Kruger, at a moment when he is fairly short of credit.



THE LATE SOPHIE CROIZETTE IN HER PRIME.



# THE SOCIAL JESTER



## THE BOAT-RACE—INTELLIGENTLY ANTICIPATED.

SCENE: *The Roof of the Ox and Tulip Hotel, Mortlake. Several rows of raked seats, closely packed with shivering but excited members of the conservative British public. In the front row, PAPA, MAMMA, MISS MAISIE (their eldest daughter), BERTIE BILLING (a Cambridge undergraduate—MISS MAISIE'S personal property), MISS EVELYN (MAISIE'S friend), MISS DOLLIE (MAISIE'S younger sister), MR. HARDING (a non-University man, eligible, rather bored), and MASTER TOM (a Harrow boy).*

BERTIE (*instructing MISS MAISIE, MISS EVELYN, and, incidentally, anyone else who can't help hearing*). I don't care what the papers say. These newspaper chaps don't know anything about it. Now, I took the trouble to come down and see the crews practising last week, and I know that Cambridge is the best—better—boat by a long way.

MISS MAISIE (*to MR. HARDING, and, incidentally, three thin girls in the row behind with blue lips and spectacles*). You see, Mr. Harding, Bertie has taken up rowing at Cambridge, so he ought to know more about it than just the reporters.

MR. HARDING. Oh, of course! You are in your College boat, aren't you, Billing?

BERTIE (*as though, having won numberless athletic honours, he is not quite sure if this particular one stands to his credit*). Er—College boat? Er—no. No: I don't row for Queen's. But I've done a good deal of—er—punting and so forth. One gets into a way of these things, you know, up at the Varsity.

MR. HARDING (*respectfully*). Quite so. Would you—care to back your fancy at all?

MISS EVELYN (*who finds that her pretty struggles with MASTER TOM over the luncheon-basket are quite failing to attract attention*). I think you might offer to bet with me, Mr. Harding.

MR. HARDING. Delighted! What shall we say? Six pairs of gloves to a bunch of violets?

MISS EVELYN (*doubtfully*). Oh, if you think it's quite fair—

MASTER TOM. I don't think girls ought to bet.

MISS EVELYN (*coquettishly, and keeping HARDING in the conversation with a mock-defiant look*). And why not, Tom?

MASTER TOM (*bluntly*). Because they've no sense of honour. (*MISS EVELYN and MR. HARDING laugh heartily.*)

MISS EVELYN. You're getting quite wise, Tom. Did your master at Harrow teach you that?

MASTER TOM. No (*pointing to HARDING*); he did.

[*Collapse of HARDING. MISS EVELYN borrows some opera-glasses and tries to discover a friend on Barnes Bridge.*]

MAMMA (*leaning forward and looking down the row of young people with a smile*). You're all very quiet. Are you enjoying yourselves?

BERTIE (*smiling back and nodding vigorously*). Yes, thank you. We're getting on splendidly.

MISS DOLLIE (*staring moodily over the parapet*). I'm not.

MISS MAISIE (*sweetly*). You don't count, you see, dear.

MISS DOLLIE (*her fighting instincts aroused*). Tom isn't, either. Are you, Tom?

MASTER TOM (*readily*). Rather not. Why don't we have lunch?

MISS MAISIE. Be quiet, Tom! You know we arranged to have lunch after the race.

MISS DOLLIE. I think that's silly. Don't you, Tom?

MASTER TOM (*still more readily*). Rather!

MISS MAISIE (*in an undertone—across BERTIE*). I should try and behave myself for once in a way if I were you, Dollie.

PAPA (*striving to throw oil on the troubled waters*). They haven't caught De Wet yet, I see.

MISS DOLLIE (*to MISS MAISIE*). I distinctly object to being lectured in public.

MAMMA (*to PAPA*). You might have left the paper at home, I think. It is always so depressing nowadays!

PAPA. A sort of De Wet blanket, eh? (*Laughs uproariously, subsides with a snuffle, and goes on reading.*)

MISS MAISIE (*to MISS DOLLIE*). Public or private, it doesn't seem to do you any good. It would have been much better if you'd stayed at home instead of trying to spoil everybody else's pleasure. Don't you think so, Bertie?

BERTIE. Er—well—er— (*Says something wicked to the third button of his glove.*)

MISS DOLLIE. I never wanted to come. (*Then, with a flash of inspiration*) Bertie's bored, too.

MISS MAISIE (*to BERTIE, threateningly*). Are you, Bertie?

BERTIE (*hastily*). Of course not! (*Smacks himself on the knee, and looks round as though challenging anyone to say that he is not supremely happy.*)

MASTER TOM (*willing to create a diversion*). Here they come! (*Jumps up on to his chair and waves his hat excitedly.*)

[*Everybody stands up and directs a strained gaze in the direction of Barnes Bridge.*]

MAMMA. Stand up, Papa! They're coming!

PAPA (*carefully keeping a finger on his place in the "Times"*). Dear me! Tell me when they're passing. (*Resumes his reading.*)

MISS DOLLIE. What a lie, Tom! They're not coming at all.

MASTER TOM (*chuckling wickedly*). Yes, they are, stupid, only we can't see them yet.

[*Everybody sits down again, and begins to realise how cold it is.*]

MAMMA (*quietly but determinedly to DOLLIE*). I shan't bring you another year. You're behaving disgracefully.

MISS DOLLIE (*in clear tones that can be heard all over the top of the building*). What did you say, Mamma?

[*MAMMA, controlling her righteous indignation with a strong effort, and wearing an impossibly sweet smile, chats to a lady in the row behind. MASTER TOM winks wickedly at MISS DOLLIE. MISS DOLLIE grins, hunches her shoulders, and stares over the parapet as before. Somebody at the back shouts, "Here they come!" The boats are seen shooting Barnes Bridge.*]

BERTIE. Hurrah! hurrah! Cambridge leads! Cambridge wins!

MISS MAISIE (*excitedly*). Are you sure, Bertie, dear? How do you know?

BERTIE. Of course I'm sure! I can tell by their swing. Aren't they grand! [*The boats draw nearer.*]

MR. HARDING (*who has been looking through his glasses*). I win my violets, Miss Evelyn.

EVERYBODY. Who's in front?

MR. HARDING. Oxford—about three lengths. (*Collapse of BERTIE.*)

MAMMA. Stand up and cheer, Papa! They're passing!

PAPA (*feebly, looking over the top of his glasses*). Hear, hear! (*Resumes his reading.*)

[*The boats pass the winning-post amidst thunders of applause. Everybody gets off the seats and looks at everybody else, rather foolishly.*]

MAMMA (*with assumed air of regret*). Well, that's over for another year!

MISS DOLLIE. Thank goodness!

MASTER TOM. And now we can have lunch at last!



Tom B



"I NEVER WANTED TO COME"

Tom B

Chicot





MISS MARIE DAINTON, A LONDON FAVOURITE WHOSE TALENTS ARE NOW LYING DORMANT IN "THE BELLE OF BOHEMIA," AT THE APOLLO.

Miss Marie Dainton, the charming actress pictured above, is thought by some to be an American "star." But this is not so. Her earliest success, especially in a dramatic sense, was made as a "juvenile villain" in the fairy-play, entitled "The House that Jack Built," produced at the now defunct Opéra-Comique at the Christmas of 1894. Then, of course, Miss Dainton (daughter of the popular actress, Miss Jenny Dawson) was but a mere child. Still, even then, Miss Dainton was a clever actress, dancer, and mimic, as she subsequently proved to be so long at the Palace Theatre and Society "At Homes" and similar functions. As often happens, it was only when Miss Dainton was transplanted to another nation that her true worth was discovered. Hence it happened that, on returning to London and achieving what may be really described as the biggest feminine success in "The Belle of Bohemia," at the Apollo,

Miss Dainton has been hailed by some as quite a new American "star." This photograph is by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.



## IN SUNSHINE-LAND.

## A CHAT ABOUT MONTE CARLO.

WHATEVER else may be the case with the rest of the Riviera, Monte Carlo has no reason to complain, for this quaint and beautiful corner of Sunshine-land is full to overflowing, every hotel having its complement of visitors, including many well-known English people, who are only too glad to get away from the saddest and dreariest winter London has known for many a long day.

During the last few years, Monte Carlo has become the quintessence of fashionable life; plain thinking and high living, as one cynic grimly put it, are seen nowhere in more startling contrast than on Charley's Mount, and the restaurants, Ciro's, Ré's, the Ermitage, and that attached to the Hôtel de Paris, the *doyen* of them all—which has played a part in more than one notable "romance of the nineteenth century"—form serious rivals even to the Salles de Jeu. This is especially true of Rumpelmayer's, to which famous pastry-cook's the whole world and his wife wend their way each afternoon, even the French habitués of the fascinating roulette-tables finding time to enjoy a brief "five o'clock" refectation.

Monte Carlo has never been so favoured with the presence of Royalty as have Cannes and Nice. Still, during the last fortnight Prince Francis Joseph of Braganza and the Russian Grand Duke Boris Vladimirof—the youth who may yet live to be Emperor of Russia—have been much *en évidence*; the Grand Duke exciting great admiration by his skill as a motor-carist, for it is no easy matter to negotiate the steep hills which

lead down from the plateau on which is grouped the villa town of Monte Carlo. It must, however, be admitted that, though motor-cars play a great part in the social life of Monaco, yachts run them very close, and the Bay of Hercules contains at the present moment some half-dozen floating palaces, of which perhaps the most interesting to Anglo-American visitors is the *Valiant*, Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt's splendid yacht, which has on board the young Duchess of Marlborough, who, though she does not care to patronise roulette or trente-et-quarante, is often seen in the concert-room of the Casino.

There, by the way, in this really splendid little theatre, which recalls rather the faded glories of Versailles than a modern Casino, took place the Concert Spectacle, the great Charity Fête to which Monte Carlo had been looking forward for so long, and which, beginning about nine o'clock on the evening of last Saturday week (March 16), went on far into Sunday morning, apparently on the principle that "the better the day the better the deed." Among those well-known Parisian artists who had specially come to sing at the concert which opened the proceedings were Madame Rose Caron, Mlle. Leclerc, and Messieurs Alvarez, Melchissedec, and Soulaacroix. But it may be whispered that,

charming as was the concert, the more frivolous-minded present preferred the Kermesse and the dance with which the proceedings concluded.

Among those who have spent at least a portion of Lent at Monte Carlo are the Duke of Montrose, with whom was staying his sister, the clever and charming lady who still writes under her former name of "Lady Violet Greville"; Mrs. Mackay, who is with her daughter, Princess Colonna; Lord and Lady Farquhar, Sir Ernest Cassel, Lady Anglesey, Lord Durham and his sister, Miss Lambton; the



THE CASINO AT MONTE CARLO: THE CONCERT-HALL AND THEATRE.



FRONT VIEW OF THE CASINO, MONTE CARLO.

[Photo by Abel, Mentone.]



Duchess of Devonshire, who was one of the first to call on Princess Henry of Battenberg at the Villa Cynos, which, though within a drive of Monte Carlo, is situated in one of the most sheltered and retired corners of the Riviera; Laura Lady Wilton (the mistress of "Le Nid," perhaps the most delightful villa in the Principality), who is never happier than when entertaining some of her English friends, among her latest guests having been Lord and Lady Mar and Kellie; while among those who, staying at Nice and Cannes, have paid frequent flying visits to those of their bolder friends actually established within a stone's-throw of the Palace of the Goddess of Chance have been Count and Countess Lonyay, and the latter's father, the King of the Belgians. Also the Duke of Cambridge, who looks remarkably well. His Royal Highness was present at the excellent lunch given in the Cannes Golf Club-house to fourteen British wounded officers, among other guests present being many well-known Frenchmen and Russians, as well as all the leading members of the British Colony at Cannes, and Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, who has many English friends as well as relations.

Pigeon-shooting, in spite of the fact that it is quite possible for the tender-hearted to spend half their lives at Monte Carlo without knowing that such a thing goes on within ten miles of the Principality, of course remains one of the great attractions to many people, the Englishman who chooses to be known as "M. Surpris" having fairly carried off the honours this last month.

As to the recent lawn-tennis tournament, the rain to a certain extent interfered on one day, but a great many people gathered together to see the Ladies' Open Event, Miss Brook-Smith beating Miss Duddell after what was said to have been the best game ever seen on the Monte Carlo courts. Among those present on more than one afternoon during the tournament was Princess Clementina of Belgium.



THE NEW GAMING-HALL AT MONTE CARLO.

## THE BATTLESHIP "QUEEN."

NO time was lost by the active Devonport Dockyard officials in commencing the construction of a new Battleship, H.M.S. *Queen*, as soon as the large slip was clear of the Ironclad *Montagu* and all her launching paraphernalia.

A distinguished gathering assembled at the Dockyard to witness the laying down of the keel-plate of Devonport's fifth Battleship. The first portion of the keel, a half-inch plate about five feet long by nearly three feet broad, was laid in the well of the slip, and was on two sides mounted with a polished oak frame. It was eventually lifted by derricks on each side to within about a foot above the blocks on which it was to lie. Lady Ernestine Edgecumbe, Lady Scott, Mrs. Jackson, and Mrs. Champness were then asked to place the plate in position, and the ladies, two on each side, caught firmly hold of the plate, and, as it was gently lowered to the blocks, they guided it to the right position, the surrounding workmen cheering as the plate lay on its bed. The plate bore an inscription stating by whom it was laid and giving the date.

Before the workmen left the yard, Mr. E. J.

Maginness, constructor in charge of the *Queen*, superintended the placing of the next layer, which was bolted to the plates underneath.

By the end of this month no less than £34,500 will have been spent on the new Warship. H.M.S. *Queen* is to be 400 feet in length, and her displacement will be 15,000 tons. The *Queen*—a sister ship, named the *Prince of Wales*, is to be laid down at Chatham—will have engines giving an indicated horse-power of 18,000, and her speed will be 18 knots an hour. Her armament is to be very powerful, and her guns will cost £75,000. When ready for the pennant, she will have cost a million sterling.



[Photo by Bayley, Stonehouse, Plymouth.]

LADIES LAYING DOWN THE KEEL-PLATE OF THE BATTLESHIP "QUEEN" IN DEVONPORT DOCKYARD.

The ladies who placed the plate in position were Lady Ernestine Edgecumbe, Lady Scott (wife of the Commander-in-Chief), Mrs. Jackson (wife of the Admiral-Superintendent of Devonport Dockyard), and Mrs. Champness (wife of the Chief Constructor).



## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

*State-Aided Dishonesty—The Census as Confessional—The Red (Tape) Peril—Senseless Census (or is it "Censi"?)—Test Cases—The Sorrows of Census-Takers—Are Burglars Boarders?*

BY Monday morning we shall have our numbers taken down, explaining ourselves, and giving our pretexts (if any) for living, with a view to having our licences extended for another ten years. The amount of prevarication perpetrated during the next week will be enough to make Ananias and Sapphira appear mere amateurs. The Census, the income-tax, and the Customs are the three proofs of the possibility of making a man immoral by Act of Parliament. Presbyterian churchwardens and matrons of orphanages in these three cases sink to the very depths of a London journalist. There is a vicious craving for centenaries just now, and this Census commemorates the first, that of 1801. Whether the British Nation has improved in quality, as it has in quantity, since then seems much doubted, especially on the Continent. Indeed, a statesmanlike proposal to tick off the names of all worthless citizens for instant execution has been thwarted only by the strong feeling against the step by the worthless citizens themselves, who are in a large majority.

By a refinement of cruelty, lady visitors of advanced years; with conscientious objections to publishing their age, have to disclose it side by side with that of the cynical younger sons and daughters of the household. There is no getting away from the fact that we are all ten years older than ten years ago. The criminal classes, of course, who have excellent reasons for leaving Government documents severely alone, look upon the Census as supplying valuable material for their arrest later on for something or other. But such extensive particulars have to be given this year that an infallible method of examining into a friend's past is to ask him to come next Saturday and spend the week-end, springing the Census upon him while under the influence of breakfast on Monday morning.

There is said to be a Principality on the Continent so small that an express-train cannot get up speed for fear of going abroad, and where undesirable citizens can be expatriated in about ten minutes. A Government loan has to be issued whenever a few shells are fired out of the national gun; the Ministry ordering a new suit of clothes necessitates a special Bill being hurried through the Chamber of Deputies. Here a national Census was determined upon some years ago, and the Standing Army, being mobilised, said he could draw it up from memory in half an hour, as he knew the whole population intimately and could answer any questions about them, most of them, indeed, being his near relations. Red-tape had no scope whatever here.

A Newton or a Kant would become a kind of mechanical mule in a Government post, and the collectors of statistics have really a trying life. An immigrant in New Zealand stated to the authorities that his mother was Kaffir, his father an Irishman who had become a naturalised American, but afterwards served in the French Army, and that he was born on the passage between Yokohama and Colombo in a Spanish vessel. "Put him down a Scotchman!" was the official decision. A man brought up at Bow Street only the other day was accosted by eight linguists and a professor in seventy-five languages, without a response, and a difficulty is found in trying him, as he cannot comprehend the proceedings and cannot even make his name known. A fellow-prisoner stated that he was an Austrian, because he could not understand Hindustani!

But a test case for the Census officials is that of a man in Wales who asserts that he was found on a derelict vessel (date unknown), and knows nothing about his father or mother. The authorities claim to have provided for every possible contingency except that of a man floating in a balloon above English soil on Sunday night; but there are not expected to be many thousands of these. And the staff is evidently carefully picked; the *Telegraph* states that it "consists exclusively of men and . . . women!"

At the last Census a householder could not tell how many children he had had, and whether his wife had been married before or not: she had "never mentioned it to him." Another persisted that his wife was a spinster. A resident in Ireland entered two pigs and a sheep-dog as members of his family. And what trouble will be given by the countryman who mentioned in a witness-box, a short time ago, that his daughter "had a lot of different names," but, being pressed, could not definitely remember any of them! A West Indian entered himself at one Census as a duck-stealer. A High Church clergyman, who had a very Low Church son (also a clergyman) staying with him, is alleged by his parishioners to have registered him as a "lunatic" in the proper column.

There will be, of course, the problems of the man who drives about in a cab all night, the people bathing in the sea at the moment—they might be called the "floating population"—the child born at midnight on the 31st or born shortly before and not yet named. A racing man was said last time to have solved this difficulty by entering his seven-days-old baby as "Light bay child, by Major Brown—Mrs. Brown, one week." Then, suppose a burglar to break into a house, be stunned by the proprietor, and tied up for the night in the coal-hole. Should he be registered as a boarder, visitor, or as one of the family?—HILL ROWAN.

## THE RUSSO-JAPANESE CRISIS.

"SOONER or later, there will be war between Japan and Russia." This is what every Japanese thinks, believes, and, if he is an outspoken man, declares. As was indicated in *The Sketch* last week, the war-feeling is very strong at the present time in Japan. A great deal of interest in and sympathy for Japan is felt in this country, and an incident such as the

## DISPUTE OVER THE RAILWAY SIDING AT TIENTSIN

between Russia and ourselves the other day will not tend to lessen the traditional attitude of hostility we generally have maintained towards Russia, but, by consequence, will increase our friendliness towards Japan. At the same time, it must be said that this friendliness is not likely to go beyond good wishes.

In the event of a war with Russia, Japan will have to rely upon herself, and the other Powers will undoubtedly endeavour to localise the struggle as much as possible.

## THE ACTUAL CHALLENGE,

when it comes, will come from the Japanese side. In whose hands at the moment are the destinies of Japan? is an interesting, topical question.

Foremost among them is the

## MARQUIS ITO,

who is the Prime Minister of Japan and the most trusted adviser of the Mikado. A man of European education—he lived for some time in London—the Marquis has been

## THE MOST PROMINENT POLITICAL FIGURE IN JAPAN

for the last fifteen or twenty years. The written Constitution of that country was mainly his work. He was Prime Minister in 1895-6, during the war with China, but after its conclusion fell from power on account of his having retroceded the Liaotung Peninsula to China. This retrocession he was compelled to make, it will be remembered, by the intervention of Russia, France, and Germany—a combination he did not venture to oppose, but his fellow-countrymen disapproved his action.

## LAST YEAR, HOWEVER, HE AGAIN BECAME PRIME MINISTER.

He is a statesman of great force of character, and sincerely patriotic, anxious that Japan should advance along the path of progress, but, at the same time, should not advance too rapidly.

The Japanese War Minister is Baron Kodama, a General in the Army, and formerly Governor-General of Formosa. He is an extremely capable executive officer, greatly distinguishing himself during the war with China, when he organised and carried out with conspicuous success the arrangements for the transport, commissariat, &c., of the Japanese forces. He was given his present position by the Marquis Ito, as was also Admiral Yamamoto, the Minister of Marine. Like Baron Kodama, this high official was in charge of departmental work in Japan at the time of the struggle with China, and did not participate in the actual fighting. He is the first Japanese Admiral who has received a thorough educational training, judged by Western standards.

Though the Mikado is a constitutional Sovereign, and must be guided by his Ministers, he has the great advantage of possessing a Council,

## A SORT OF WAR COMMITTEE,

composed of the Field-Marshal and Admirals of the Army and Navy, whether past or present members of the Government of the day or not. The Mikado is himself Commander-in-Chief of the Army, and the heads of the six Army Corps, of which the Army consists, and of the two divisions of the Japanese Fleet, form this permanent Advisory Council, whose existence is independent of popular control. All military and naval affairs come before this body.

The most conspicuous figure in this Council is the

## MARQUIS YAMAGATA,

the senior Field-Marshal. He immediately preceded the Marquis Ito as Prime Minister, but he is much more of a soldier than a politician. During the war with China he was in chief command of the Japanese Army in Korea—the *Corps d'Armée* known at the time as the "First Army." Having defeated the Chinese forces in Korea, Yamagata crossed the Yalu River, the boundary between China and Korea, and occupied a great part of Manchuria. The mention of the Yalu, the scene of the greatest naval engagement of recent days, recalls the fact that another prominent member of the Japanese Emperor's War Council is

## ADMIRAL ITO,

who must not be confounded with the Marquis Ito, the Prime Minister. It was under Admiral Ito that the Japanese won the great naval battle of Hai-Yang Island, commonly called the Battle of the Yalu, and, later, carried Wei-Hai-Wei, and destroyed or captured the Chinese fleet of Admiral Ting, the most valiant commander the Chinese possessed during the war.

Should war break out between Japan and Russia, it would necessarily be to a large extent a naval one. And in ships Japan is stronger in the waters of the Far East than Russia. As regards their Armies, Russia is said to have nearly a hundred thousand men in Manchuria and along the Amur. She has probably twenty thousand men in and around Port Arthur. Japan could put into the field with very little delay much greater forces, but her Army, as a whole, is not much more than a fifth or a sixth of that of Russia.



RUSSO-JAP QUARREL: LEADING STATESMEN OF JAPAN.

*From Photographs by R. Maruki, Tokio.*



GENERAL KODAMA, MINISTER OF WAR.



MARQUIS ITO, PRIME MINISTER.



ADMIRAL YAMAMOTO, MINISTER OF MARINE.



FIELD-MARSHAL MARQUIS YAMAGATA.

## THE REMOVAL OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

*The Picturesque Building in Newgate Street which is Doomed to Destruction in the Near Future—The New Building at Horsham and Some Famous Bluecoat Boys.*

IT is close on three centuries and a-half since Edward VI., with his love of learning, granted the charter for the institution of Christ's Hospital and gave to modern London its quaint spectacle of the scholars with head innocent of hat, no matter what may be the weather, long blue coats and leather straps, knee-breeches and yellow stockings without the "cross garters" which yellow stockings always suggest by reason of Shakspeare's genius and the delightfully quaint personality of Malvolio.

By the end of 1901, or, more probably, in the spring of the following year, the boys will have migrated to Horsham, whither already the magnificent statue of King Edward which adorned the old entrance has been removed, for Christ Church Passage knows it no more.

The removal of the school is but another example of the fact that great bodies move slowly, for it was as long ago as 1877 that a Special Commission which had been appointed made a report in which it was said that, while unwilling to interfere with the ancient traditions and venerable memories of the school,

### REMOVAL FROM LONDON WAS INDISPENSABLE.

This result may undoubtedly be traced to the increased consideration given to questions of hygiene which began to dominate the public mind at that time, for the members of the Commission regarded more air and space as necessary, as well as a supervision of the boys as in other great schools, which could not be



BOYS INSPECTING THE FOUNDATIONS OF NEW BUILDINGS AT HORSHAM: BLUECOAT GIRLS ON THE LEFT.

undertaken in the present building. Thirteen years, however, had to go by before the scheme became law, and the governing body had to obtain sites for the boarding-schools within a convenient distance of London. After a great deal of trouble, some twelve hundred acres near Horsham were purchased from the Aylesbury Dairy Company, and there the new buildings have been erected.

When the Bluecoat School, as it will probably always be popularly called, instead of Christ's Hospital, is removed, one picturesque proceeding connected with it will disappear. The grounds of the school lie in no less than five parishes—Christ Church, St. Sepulchre's, St. Botolph, Aldersgate, St. Bartholomew-the-Great, and St. Bartholomew-the-Less. The first three

### ACTUALLY MEET IN THE BATH OF THE SCHOOL,

and on a certain day in the year the boys of the different ward schools go round and beat the bounds, invading the grounds of the Bluecoat School for the purpose of carrying out this ancient ceremonial. It is, indeed, an invasion, but a good-natured one, which the authorities recognise so far that they actually have the water drawn off from the bath, in order that these strangers may enter it, not for the ablutionary purpose for which it was originally designed, but that they may have the pleasure of beating the bounds in it.

It is a curious fact, but one which is by no means difficult to explain, that there have probably been fewer great men hailing from the Bluecoat School than from most of the famous Public Schools in the country. Certainly there have been very few Army men, for the reason that the Army is a profession which needs money, and money is the one thing that the students at Christ's Hospital lack. That, however, does not prevent them from acquiring money, for Mr. Richard Thornton, one time a wearer of the yellow stockings, achieved the dignity of a million of money. Still, though the record of famous men is not so large as it might be, it is by no means to be underrated when the name of the gentle "Elia," which instinctively comes into the mind in connection with the school, is recalled, and, with

CHARLES LAMB, THE NAMES OF LEIGH HUNT AND SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

The school has also furnished the popular Consul on the Niger, Sir Ralph Moor, who was not only a student, but afterwards a master in the "writing school," as that part of it devoted to commercial training is called. Other famous schoolmasters are the Rev. George Charles Bell, who was Headmaster of the school in 1868, and has been Master of Marlborough College for nearly a quarter of a century, and Mr. Henry Rudolph Reichel, Principal of University College of North Wales. Nor must one



Statue of King Edward VI.

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL: ANCIENT ENTRANCE FOR THE BOYS, REMOVED INTACT TO HORSHAM.

From Photographs by Thiele and Co., Chancery Lane.



REMOVAL OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL: APROPOS PHOTOGRAPHS.

*Taken by Thiele and Co., Chancery Lane.*



BEATING THE BOUNDS IN CHRIST'S HOSPITAL: THE MARK IS BURIED IN A TULIP-BED IN THE SCHOOL GROUNDS.



LARGE CLOISTERS (WHICH ARE TO BE REMOVED FROM NEWGATE STREET TO HORSHAM) AND OLD ENGLISH PUMP.

forget Sir Pierre Cavagnari, the Envoy of Kabul, or Sir Henry Sumner Maine, the famous Jurist, or Dr. Parkes, in whose honour the Parkes Museum at University College was founded on account of his services to hygiene. The interest of the most famous of daily papers in the world, the *Times*, must naturally be kept alive by the remembrance of the fact that one of its former editors, Thomas Barnes, received his



THE GREAT HALL, CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.  
Photo by Thiele and Co., Chancery Lane.

education in Newgate Street; while scholarship will recollect that Bishop Middleton, the first Bishop of Calcutta, whose monument may be seen in the Cathedral of St. Paul's hard by, received his first introduction to Greek grammar in the school, and afterwards became a scholar with a reputation

#### SECOND ONLY TO THAT OF THE GREAT PORSON HIMSELF.

In the drama, the spacious days of Elizabeth are linked with our own time by the memory that George Peel, the playwright of the days of good Queen Bess, was educated there, and so was the handsome William Terriss, who was so foully done to death three years ago, and whose place is still unfilled.

Were it necessary, the list might be lengthened with some famous names of the past, like Edmund Campian, who was executed at Tyburn after he had excommunicated the Queen, and who died like a hero. When on the scaffold, he was required to ask the Queen's forgiveness for his offence, and he said, "Wherein have I offended her? In this I am innocent. This is my last breath; in this give me credit—I have and I do pray for her."

"For which Queen do you pray?" asked Lord Charles Howard, who was standing by his side. "For Elizabeth, your Queen and my Queen!" he replied dramatically, and, in the quaint words of the historian of the day, he submitted himself to the executioner.

Such traditions as these the school will take with it to its

#### NEW BUILDINGS, WHICH ARE TO BE OF THE SIMPLEST CHARACTER,

red brick and stones being used for the walls, and red Brosely tiles for the roofs, with exception of the chapel and hall, which are to be covered with slate. Everything is to be done in the most thorough manner, but the ornamentation is so arranged as to avoid the necessity for frequent outlay for renovation. The buildings, the architects of which are Messrs. Aston Webb and E. Ingress Bell, are so arranged that the school-hall and class-rooms will be on the south side of the school quadrangle, with the dining-hall and kitchens, &c., on the north side, the chapel on the west, and the science and art school, the library, and museum on the east side. The whole 820 boys who constitute the foundation will be housed in the new buildings, instead of the 600 which at first it was feared it would only be possible to find accommodation for, on account of that most potent of all reasons—finance.

#### CHARLES GARVICE'S NOVELS.

The immense popularity achieved for years past by Mr. Charles Garvice's novels in America has had the natural effect of inducing a London publisher to put a selection from them before the reading public in this country. Messrs. Sands and Co., of Burleigh Street, Strand—the firm in question—have, accordingly, lately issued "The Coronet of Shame," "Nance," "Her Heart's Desire," and "An Outcast of the Family." Each of these volumes may be confidently recommended to all who prefer good, healthy, stirring stories, to the nauseous tide of "sex" novels that has formed so much of our fiction-writers' output of late. Mr. Garvice's plots have no affinity with "problems" of any description, and the various characters do not talk in a manner that makes the reader call hastily for some disinfecting-fluid. It is not difficult, therefore, to predict a considerable vogue for these novels, for, all said and done, the book-buying world is not confined exclusively to those who hold it "smart" to ridicule what their elders and betters have been taught to respect, if not to reverence.

#### TWO NEW YORK PLAYS.

THE first of these plays calling for some attention is a military melodrama, entitled "Under Two Flags." This play, recently produced with great picturesqueness at the Garden Theatre, New York, is simply announced on the play-bill of that house as "by Paul M. Potter"—no notice being (at all events, "programmatically") taken of one "Ouida," who, some thirty-five years ago, wrote the novel of the same name which has given Mr. Potter the chief material for his latest play. It has to be confessed that, here and there, Mr. Paul Potter has (as in the case of his adaptation of the late George Du Maurier's romance, "Trilby") departed somewhat from the novelist from whom he derived his inspiration. Still, on the whole, the always powerful, if occasionally petulant, "Ouida's" romance is well in evidence, especially as concerns the character of the wayward vivandière, Cigarette. This is played with marked success by the beautiful emotional actress, Miss Blanche Bates, the original representative of the heroine in "Madame Butterfly."

The principal situations in this latest of the many English and American adaptations of "Under Two Flags" include the oft-times equestrian heroine's violent affection for the young French military hero, who, thanks to a conveniently arranged forgery, is made to appear to his previous fiancée a person of no account financially; that hero's apparent guilt as regards treatment of his former fiancée's subsequent husband; Cigarette's denunciation of the hero to that young wife's husband as a traitor; and the otherwise charming denouncer's frantic efforts to avert the mischief which her unreasoning jealousy has caused. Finally, there is shown the death of the sometime volcanic heroine Cigarette in striving to save the hero whom she has thus tragically involved. A good deal of this business will doubtless remind old-time London playgoers of certain early adaptations of "Under Two Flags."

Another—at present—popular New York play is one that has formed quite a matinée attraction at the local theatre known as the Carnegie Lyceum. It is entitled "The Clown and the Locket," written by Frank C. Drake, and produced by Franklin H. Sergent. The piece is played by children, and even the orchestra is (as the picture shows) "manned," as one may say, by instrumentalists of tender years. These, like the juvenile actors and actresses concerned, appear to possess striking ability. The action of "The Clown and the Locket" takes place in Wyoming County, New York, at a time when (as the programme states to the spectator) "your great-grandfather was a boy." The plot, or rather, "plotlet," as Mr. Arthur Roberts would in this case appropriately say, shows how the young hero, an orphan, goes around in order to discover a locket which shall prove his identity and his right to certain property—chiefly "town lots," as the local locution has it. The said locket is stolen by a clown at what one may call the psychological moment. For a while there is—again to use the American language—"trouble around." Eventually, however, all comes right, and "Voilà tout!" concerning "The Clown and the Locket."

#### A ROYAL HOSTESS AT CANNES.

One of the most charming villas at Cannes, the Villa Wenden, is that which has for mistress the Grand Duchess Anastasia of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, the mother of the reigning Duke and the mother-in-law of pretty Princess Christian, the future Queen of Denmark. The marriage of the Crown Prince of Denmark's eldest son and heir and of the Duchess Alexandrina of Mecklenburg-Schwerin was celebrated at Cannes, and it was in this Royal villa that the young Queen of Holland met her future husband. Curious relationships are rife among Queen Wilhelmina's "in laws." Thus, the Grand Duchess Anastasia is only a very few years younger than her stepmother-in-law, the Grand Duchess Marie, who is actual mother-in-law to the Queen of Holland. The reigning Grand Duke is still unmarried, and it has been hinted of late that Princess Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha would make him a very suitable wife. The Grand Duke will come of age on the 9th of April. He is well-known at Cannes, for he often pays long visits to the Villa Wenden,



ANASTASIA, DOWAGER PRINCESS OF  
MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN.

Photo by Otto, Paris.



TWO NEW YORK PLAYS.

*From Photographs by Byron, New York.*

The Hon. Bertie Cecil (Mr. Francis Carlyle).



John, Earl of Rockingham  
(Mr. Maclyn Arbuckle).

Cigarette, a Vivandière  
(Miss Blanche Bates).

Rake, Cecil's Servant  
(Mr. E. S. Abeles).

"UNDER TWO FLAGS" (ACT V.), AT THE GARDEN THEATRE: THE DEATH OF CIGARETTE.



REHEARSAL OF "THE CLOWN AND THE LOCKET," AT THE CHILDREN'S THEATRE, CARNEGIE HALL, NEW YORK.



MISS LILY HANBURY, THE CHORUS IN "HENRY V,"  
NOW TOURING WITH MM. MOLLISON AND LEWIS WALLER IN SHAKSPERE'S GREAT PATRIOTIC PLAY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.





[See "The Sketch" Musical and Theatrical Gossip.

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MISS ELLEN TERRY,  
WHO IS STARRING AS "NANCE OLDFIELD" THIS WEEK AT THE CORONET THEATRE.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHANCELLOR, DUBLIN.

## AN ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION.

TWO British officers, the heads of an interesting expedition to Abyssinia, left London a few days ago, after a private audience with His Majesty Edward VII., in the course of which the King gave them personal messages for the Emperor Menelek, and wished them "*bon voyage*, a successful trip, and a safe return."



CAPTAIN RALPH P. COBBOLD,  
ON A SPECIAL MISSION FROM HIS MAJESTY  
TO KING MENELEK.

Photo by Maull and Fox, Piccadilly.

The object of the expedition is twofold:—first, to convey presents and personal greetings from the King to Menelek; and secondly, to advise Ras Makunan, the Commander-in-Chief of the Abyssinian Army, in his operations against the "Mad Mullah" in Northern Somaliland.

The presents sent by His Majesty are very varied and valuable, but perhaps none is more interesting than a miniature on ivory painted by Miss Hadden, and representing the zebra, "Jess Grevy," which was presented by Menelek to Her Majesty the late Queen Victoria. Of this miniature I am allowed, by favour of His Majesty, to give a reproduction, from which it will be seen that the portrait of the zebra, beautifully and delicately painted, is surmounted by a bold decorative work, repre-

sented an architectural design, with an inscription conveying the facts of the presentation of the zebra to Her Majesty by the Emperor Menelek, with the date of the presentation (1899), surmounted by the Royal Arms.

The Special Service officers who have been despatched on this expedition are Major the Hon. A. Hanbury-Tracy, of the Royal Horse Guards Blue, and Captain Ralph P. Cobbold, late of the King's Royal Rifles. These officers have proceeded overland to Brindisi for Aden by "P. and O." steamer, and, after arranging the expedition at Aden, I understand that they will proceed by gunboat to Berbera, and then to the Abyssinian capital. It is understood that, on their arrival at Adis Abbaba, after a few days devoted to ceremonial, the Abyssinian forces, to which these officers will be attached, will advance against the "Mad Mullah," while simultaneously the British Indian forces, under Lieutenant-Colonel E. J. E. Swayne, I.S.C., strengthened by a number of Somali levies, will advance from Adadleh, where Lieutenant-Colonel Swayne has for some time been organising and drilling his forces. It is understood that the Emperor Menelek will place 20,000 highly trained and well-armed men in the field, under the supreme command of Ras Makunan, while Lieutenant-Colonel Swayne's forces will consist of about 3000 men, including a Maxim detachment of Punjaub Mohammedans with three Maxims, 100 Cavalry, 400 Camel Corps, and about 1000 British Indian Infantry, in addition to some 1400 Somalis. The officers in question are necessarily very reticent as to any details of the expedition and their instructions. Major Hanbury-Tracy has an excellent record for services in Uganda, under Colonel Macdonald in the Soudanese revolt, and also in Colonel Macdonald's expedition to Lake Rudolph.

Captain R. P. Cobbold, in addition to his services in the Rifles, is well known for extensive and successful exploration in Central Asia, the record of which was published last year under the title of "Innermost Asia" (Heinemann). Both these officers have also been on special service in South Africa, whence they have quite recently returned.

## "VILLAGE LIFE IN CHINA."\*

THIS fascinating volume, which is enlivened throughout by many touches of humour and laughable anecdotes, presents undoubtedly the most intimate picture yet painted of the domestic life of China, and although the book was evidently written before recent events had fixed the eyes of the world on that country, it will be read with great interest at this juncture. It is a valuable contribution to a general understanding of a people which is, without question, one of the most remarkable on the face of the earth.

Though Dr. Smith's work treats only of life in China outside of its large cities, yet, as

"THE CHINESE VILLAGE IS THE EMPIRE IN SMALL,"

it may be taken to give a faithful account of the nation as a whole. The author approaches the subject in no narrow spirit, but from the standpoint of one who, by extended experience, has come to feel a profound respect for the "numerous admirable qualities" of the Chinese, behind whom, he reminds his readers, lies an unexampled past, and before them may lie a wonderful future.

China is simply crowded with villages, most of which, like Topsy, "just grewed," how or why no one knows or cares. They usually

consist of a network of lanes rather than streets, which wander about, so to speak, without any plan whatever. The houses are built after that primitive style of architecture the main features of which are two sticks placed upright, with a third laid across them at the top; and, to put the matter plainly, they are not particularly attractive inside. To note one detail, the floors of all common dwellings are merely the earth, not smoothed, but beaten into fixed inequalities, as by this means, the Chinese say, every fluid spilled will run out of itself!

The villages of China—there are several millions of them—rejoice in a choice assortment of names. Some of them are ludicrous enough; indeed, the number of these communities seems to have been too much even for the ingenuity of the Chinese to find names for them. Wang, for example, is so general a name for a village that they are driven to speak of the "Front Wang," the "Rear Wang," the "Wang-under-the-Bank," the "Smaller Wang," and so on through every possible adjective or phrase to which Wang can be tacked. Among some of the amusing names of villages instanced by Dr. Smith there may be selected such gems as "Bitter Water Shop," "Liu-with-the-Black-Eye," "Dropped Tooth," "Horse Words," "Female Dog," "Duck's Nest," and, most comical of all,

"WHERE-THEY-WEAR-PUG-NOSES."

The Chinese are extravagantly fond of their theatres, and that in spite of the fact that most of their plays last over many hours, and, in not a few cases, days. In the large cities there are theatres, provided with seats and enclosed by walls and roofs; but in the villages, strolling players, passing from one place to another, run up a temporary scaffolding for a stage, and as for scenery, the spectators have to supply that from their imagination.

THE PLAY HAS NO ACTS OR SCENES,

but goes booming along from start to finish without a break. That is how the Chinese like them. And like them they unquestionably do, for, as soon as a dramatic company arrives, the whole neighbourhood takes a holiday. It is a popular saying in China, "The whole world is only a stage-play: why, then, should men take life as real?"

In a suggestive chapter on "New Year" ceremonies and celebrations, a glimpse is obtained of the "seven deadly sins of Chinese social financiering." They are: Everybody always needs to borrow. Everybody is obliged to lend money. Hence everybody owes someone else! No Chinese ever pays cash down, unless he is obliged to do so. He never pays a debt until he is dunned. He has to be dunned a great many times, and then, if he produces any money, it is only to pay a part of the claim; the rest he will try to get together in the "third month," the "ninth month," or at the "end" of the year, the favourite time. The result of this is that at New Year the whole of China is furiously engaged in a huge game of hide-and-seek of the most fantastic kind—everybody trying to obtain payment of amounts due, and, at the same time, doing his level best to avoid liquidating his own debts. What a suggestion for Mr. Gilbert!



MINIATURE OF THE ZEBRA PRESENTED TO HER LATE MAJESTY BY  
KING MENELEK.

Print supplied by The Illustrated Press Bureau, Limited, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand.

\* "Village Life in China." By Arthur H. Smith, D.D. Edinburgh and London: Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.



## CARL HERTZ, THE WONDER-WORKER

ONE of the foremost wonder-workers of the day, and in his own particular line without a rival, is Mr. Carl Hertz, who was born of German parents, some thirty-two years ago, on the Pacific Slope, in the City of the Golden Gate, San Francisco. Mr. Hertz did not learn conjuring as a profession; he was born a wizard, and at school and at the dry-goods store which he subsequently entered, his tricks were the wonder of his comrades, though not always appreciated by his "pastors and masters." Indeed, his feats of sleight-of-hand were so ill-appreciated by the proprietors of the dry-goods establishment that one fine morning, after he had gained thunders of applause the evening before at an amateur entertainment, Master Carl was requested to transfer himself and his legerdemain elsewhere. Then it was that the young fellow resolved to shake the dust of trade off his feet, and to become a professional necromancer. Luckily, he found friends to back him, and he started, with Mr. M. de Frère as his manager, eastward, appearing with great success at Chicago, Philadelphia, New York, and other leading American cities, his chief feats being the Birdcage, in which a live canary disappears, and Card Magic. The Birdcage trick, which was entirely Mr. Hertz's own invention, at once aroused the indignation of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (as, indeed, it did in London afterwards), and the conjurer was roundly denounced for killing the unfortunate bird. Mr. Hertz, however, soon demonstrated that the feat was absolutely without torture, or even danger, by operating with a bird supplied by the Society itself. About this time, the well-known and popular caterer, Mr. Richard Warner, heard of the American's prowess, and, on the latter's arrival in England, persuaded him to give a private *séance* at the Royal Music Hall, then owned by that cheery manager the late Captain Purkiss, who was very incredulous as to the new-comer's capabilities. However, the exhibition more than satisfied him, and Mr. Hertz brought an entirely new show to town, not only with the Birdcage, but also with his wonderful Vanishing Lady, wherein a man is fastened to a board; his place is taken by a lady; then the man appears in the pit, the fair damsel floats in the air.



CARL HERTZ.

Photo by Langflier, Old Bond Street, W.

This illusion created a perfect furore, and has defied the efforts of the cleverest expert to solve its mystery.

It had always been Mr. Hertz's determination to go round the world, and, after finishing his engagements in London, he started for Johannesburg, Mr. Warner making the necessary arrangements. All seemed plain sailing; but unhappily the magician arrived in South Africa at the time of the disastrous Jameson Raid. Johannesburg was draped in mourning; mounted Boers patrolled the streets, and a riot was expected. The Empire Theatre, however, was kept open, and a sparse audience attended the first performance. Suddenly a loud whistle was heard outside, and in a moment the hall was emptied. Everyone thought the revolt had begun. It turned out, however, to be only the signal of a passing tramcar, and the spectators returned. Those were stirring times, but good cheer was still on hand, and when the raiders were released Johannesburg almost floated in drinks. Mr. Hertz continued his tour, but a wooden cannon, which was one of his properties, excited the gravest apprehensions of the Transvaal officials; and, unfortunately, while they were examining it, a trick match-box exploded. This led to wearisome explanations, but, as Mr. Hertz puts it, "There is a certain sleight-of-hand which appeals to most officials the wide world over," and so he managed to pass the frontier into British territory.

From South Africa, Mr. Hertz voyaged to Australia, visiting the chief centres in the Antipodes, and doing New Zealand, the Sandwich and Fiji Islands. In Western Australia, the young Merlin travelled with a caravan of forty camels, worth over £12,000. He visited many mining camps, as well as towns and villages. What struck him most was the dearth of water, most of it being conveyed from Perth, and inland fetching £1 a bucket. At one miserable hostelry, the traveller, having found a tub of water, was about to take a bath, when the agonised "boots" rushed in and exclaimed, "For the love of Heaven, don't throw it away when you've done, or there'll be no soup for dinner!" At Menzies a bath was reckoned to cost £5. In Fiji the natives paid for their places in kind, the rates being a pig for two cheap seats, a bag of

potatoes for three good places, and a fowl for a four-shilling stall, cabbages, fruit, and other vegetables being available for standing-room. This edible currency was easily disposed of for cash to the ships in port. In the Sandwich Islands, on one occasion, a chief leapt on to the stage and began worshipping Mr. Hertz *coram populo*, and he was nightly presented with immense bouquets of beautiful flowers.

India and Ceylon were both visited by Mr. Hertz, and he is of opinion that the native fakirs are greatly overrated as jugglers. Not one of them could understand the Birdcage trick. During his visit to Hindostan, the plague was at its height; but this dreadful scourge, curiously enough, increased the business, for, by some remarkable process of reasoning, the unhappy natives thought that Mr. Hertz was capable of preserving them from infection. Java, Sumatra, and Borneo were included in the conjurer's itinerary, and in the latter country Mr. Hertz had a curious and romantic adventure. He is probably the only man who has had to offer himself as a burnt-offering to escape an amorous Princess. He was giving performances before a Malay Sultan and his Court, and, after his third appearance, the Monarch's favourite daughter proposed marriage to the wonder-working stranger. On Mr. Hertz informing Her Highness, through an interpreter, that he was already wedded, she replied that made no difference, as she would rule his other ladies. Here was a fix. However, with the connivance of the British Vice-Consul, Mr. Hertz took the place of his lawful spouse (Mlle. D'Alton, who pluckily accompanied him in all his wanderings) in his Phoenix trick, and, jumping into the blazing caldron, waved an affectionate adieu to the astonished and dismayed Princess. Mrs. Hertz had to keep up the delusion by weeping copiously the while her husband was being conveyed to the coast in a basket. Both, of course, reached civilisation

in safety. Hong-Kong, Shanghai, Canton, Peking, and other cities were visited. Mr. Hertz always used the Chinese theatres, having in most cases to deposit a guarantee of ten thousand dollars that his wife should not appear, for women may not tread the boards in the Celestial Empire. After the show, thousands of crackers were let off, to "chin-chin the joss"—that is, to drive the devil out of the house. Very often the theatre was specially built for the occasion, of palmetto and mud, and destroyed after the performance. In Cochin-China, Mr. Hertz had a singular



MDLLE. D'ALTON (MRS. CARL HERTZ).

Photo by Talma, Melbourne.

experience. At Saigon the playhouse was the property of the French Government, which, in the most fatherly way, paid all expenses and admitted everyone free. Even the piano was not charged for. In Japan, Mr. Hertz was most highly appreciated and hospitably received, especially by Shiogio Kusai Tenichi, Doctor of Magic, President of the Tokio Magicians' Association. Mr. Hertz paid a flying visit to his home in Frisco, and on his way there had an amusing experience with a "bunco steerer," who was either a priest or habited like one. This degenerate divine was speedily detected by Mr. Hertz in the act of cheating at poker, so, with the connivance of some of the passengers, Lord Ranfurly being one of them, the conjurer managed on the following evening to deal the peccant divine four aces, while he provided another player with a Royal Flush. Then "bluffing" began, and the priest got so excited that he sent for a *confrère* and borrowed £100 (doubtless missionary money) from him. The *dénouement* is better imagined than described. The money won was handed to the Captain, the while the wretched ecclesiastic was ready to die of shame and anxiety. However, when the vessel reached port, he was given the money back, with a strongly worded recommendation to sin no more. Let us hope the lesson proved efficacious.

Space does not permit of giving more than a glance at the Wizard's wanderings. For four years had Mr. Hertz been globe-trotting when he returned to England, after having travelled over a hundred thousand miles. He is with us now, not a bit fatigued, and, in his straightforward, modest way, delighting Londoners with the skill and science which have caused all nations of the earth to marvel. I shall not be surprised to hear of his undertaking another tour.

## NOTE.

The Sketch is on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

## FORMER TOURS OF ROYALTY.

*The King and the Colonies—Visit of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg to Australia—The Duke of Connaught in India—Canada and the Princess Louise.*

THE recent departure from England of the Duke of Cornwall and York, with the Duchess and suite, for the Antipodes by no means marks the first occasion on which Royalty has left our shores for the purpose of visiting the Colonies. Just one-and-forty years ago, for example, His Majesty the King—then, by the way, a youth of eighteen—commenced an extended tour through British North America. Among the various ceremonies that took place during the progress of this visit were the laying of the foundation-stone of the imposing Parliament House at Ottawa, and the opening shortly afterwards of the Victoria Bridge at Montreal.

In the same year as that in which the King went to Canada, his brother,

## THE LATE DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG.

made a voyage to South Africa, landing at Cape Town on July 25, 1860. While in the country, he also visited Natal and the Orange River Colony. One of the magnificent docks in Table Bay still bears his name. The construction of this work, however, was not commenced until 1867, in which year His Royal Highness paid the Colony a second visit. He was then commanding H.M.S. *Galatea*, and proceeded in it from South Africa to Australia. It will be remembered that it was on this occasion he narrowly escaped assassination at the hands of a Fenian. The incident occurred just after he had left Adelaide, en route for Sydney.

From Australia the Duke subsequently proceeded to Hong-Kong, where he was received with the greatest cordiality by all classes of the community—European and Chinese alike. His next stopping-place was Ceylon, which balmy island he touched at on his way to Calcutta. While in India, His Royal Highness contrived to see a good deal of the country, and also to enjoy a considerable amount of sport.

On Oct. 11, 1875, King Edward VII.—then, of course, Prince of Wales—commenced his

## MEMORABLE VOYAGE TO INDIA.

Landing at Bombay, three weeks later, he set foot on Indian soil on the eve of his thirty-fourth birthday. Altogether, His Majesty spent five months in the country, visiting all the principal cities, and seeing in that brief period infinitely more than has many a man who has spent a lifetime in India. In the middle of March 1876, he left Bombay for home, to the lasting regret of the loyal millions of natives who had welcomed their Queen's son among them.

Another member of the Royal Family who has travelled extensively in India is

## H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

For four years—from 1886 to 1890—he commanded the Forces in the Bombay Presidency. Previous to this, however, he had held a minor post in the same district. For a portion of the time he spent in India he was accompanied by the Duchess of Connaught. It is not at all impossible that the Duke may visit the country again presently, for the impressions that he formed of it were of a most pleasurable description.

As a general rule, the lady members of the Royal Family have not seen very much of Greater Britain. The

## DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT,

however, has—as has just been mentioned—had some experience of life in India. Princess Louise spent five years in Canada. When her husband, the present Duke of Argyll, was appointed Governor-General of the Dominion in 1878, she went there with him, remaining in the country until 1883, when his term of office expired.

## THE CAPTAIN OF THE "OPHIR."

A very important person just now is the officer in command of the *Ophir* during her voyage to the Antipodes. Captain Alfred Leigh Winsloe (whose portrait appeared in last week's *Sketch*) has been in the Royal Navy since he was a boy of fifteen, in the year 1868. During his long career he has seen war-service in the Egyptian campaign of 1882, and again in 1890 in Admiral Freemantle's expedition against the Sultan of Witu. While the Chino-Japanese hostilities were in progress, a few years ago, Captain Winsloe commanded H.M.S. *Spartan*.

## DARMSTADT EXHIBITION.

Grandson and granddaughter of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, the young Grand Duke Ernst Ludwig of Hesse and his Consort, Princess Victoria Melita, are naturally endowed with fine artistic tastes. They offer such cordial encouragement to painters, sculptors, and architects that are attracted from various parts of Germany to the Artists' Colony in Darmstadt favoured by the Grand Duke's countenance, *The Sketch* hopes a large measure of success will attend the Exhibition which the Darmstadt artists are to open on May Day. That it will prove triumphant from an artistic point of view is certain from the foretaste of artistic excellence enjoyed last year in the German Section of the Paris Exhibition. May good fortune attend the Ernst Ludwig Exhibition! A Düsseldorf friend informs *The Sketch* that the Exhibition will be open from May to the end of October, and points out that a visit to it can be included in a holiday tour comprising the Rhine, Nuremberg, Heidelberg, Baden-Baden, Frankfurt, Bayreuth, Munich, the Tyrol, and Switzerland.

## WATER-COLOURS, MINIATURES, AND OILS.

## THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

THERE is nothing particularly distinguished in the present exhibition of water-colours at the Institute in Piccadilly. The pictures are, as a whole, creditable and pleasing, but the touch of inspired originality is absent. Perhaps the show will not be the less popular on this account, for most people, I think, are inclined to look with suspicion on brilliant flashes of genius, especially when they take an unfamiliar direction. But everyone can feel at home at the Institute and can recognise his favourite artists pursuing their familiar courses with sober perseverance. If Mr. E. T. Reed had not been inconsiderate enough to produce his "Prehistoric Peeps," one might have looked on "The Duel," by Mr. W. W. Collins, without smiling. As it is, his furious ancient Britons must inevitably recall those that have appeared in *Punch*, and in that case it becomes difficult to take them seriously.

The "rosy-fingered dawn," as represented by Mr. A. H. Cooper at Coniston, is of rather too strong a colour; she touches the mountain-tops with far more mystery and delicacy than he would have us believe. "Old Age" is carefully studied in a man's head by Mr. Ashburner, but I wish he had succeeded in working out his subject with fresher treatment. "Haleyon Days" are not without their drawbacks, if the idyllic maids have hair of such uncompromising redness as that represented by Mr. Soord. A busy work, with plenty of colour in the barges and boats, is Mr. Haité's "On the Broads," and his "Granada" is also strong. Mr. Caffieri's "Summer Time" is pretty to the point of weakness, but the subject of children plashing in the sea is always engaging. A bold experiment in blue is Mr. Ferguson's "Tangier." A girl at a stile is represented as a delicate grey harmony against an evening sky by Mr. Lee Hankey. Mr. Bartram Hiles has a clever rendering of purple-grey twilight. Plymouth Harbour is made to sparkle with blue and yellow by Mr. David Green, who also has a capital "Breezy Common." Mr. Winter-Shaw shows a tender vision of evening with a rising moon and grazing cattle. "An Old Welsh Cottage" by Mr. A. E. Strutt, Mr. Longshaw's "Golden Corn," and Miss Townsend-Johnson's "After the Work is Done," also deserve to be admired.

Special interest attaches to "The Fleet's Last Farewell to Queen Victoria," by Mr. C. Dixon, who has represented the warships looming dark against a crimson sunset.

## SOCIETY OF MINIATURISTS.

During the last few years, Madame Chardon, of Paris, has set a high standard by sending examples of her work to London shows of miniatures, but hitherto our native experts have not succeeded in reaching her level. The consequence is that, as a rule, her productions so thoroughly eclipse all else in their vicinity as to make it seem tame. This is the case in the present exhibition of the Society of Miniaturists at the Institute. There is, however, plenty of charming and delicate work besides that of Madame Chardon, and if she were absent one could do it fuller justice. I have seen better work of hers than that which she has in the present show; nevertheless, the brilliance of her colour and the combined force and delicacy of her technique are sufficient to divert attention from the rest of the collection.

I am inclined to place Miss Josephine Gibson next to Madame Chardon in the matter of colour and technique, and I may also compliment Miss Edith Scannell on her "Childhood" and Miss Julia Crowhurst on "A Portrait."

The work of Nazeer Hosein, Miniature Painter to the late Queen, is interesting for its minuteness of execution. Miss Hadden shows a zebra, "Jess," painted for presentation to Her late Majesty, and graciously accepted by the King. The best performance of Mr. Alfred Praga, the President, is the portrait of Miss Ellice Beere. Viscountess Maitland shows two miniatures, delicate in colour, but rather hard in treatment.

## MR. WESTLEY MANNING'S SHOW.

An exhibition of work by this promising artist is held at the Continental Gallery, and it gives evidence of a close and sympathetic observation of nature combined with considerable versatility of treatment. Mr. Manning is chiefly attracted by the sea, and in translating its various moods into oil-paint he shows an independence of manner that is to be commended as a sign of individual experiment. Yet I think he is mistaken in adopting so hard and dry a method as that exemplified in "San Remo," and I doubt not that the shimmering effect that he has aimed at could have been obtained as well, or better, with freer brushwork. "Morning Mist" is delicately rendered, and "Home Again" is a satisfactory composition.

## WOMEN'S ART CLUB.

One would have liked to have been able to award unqualified praise to the exhibition of the Women's International Art Club at the Grafton Galleries, but the conscientious critic must tell the truth at all hazard, and, therefore, it has to be confessed that the bulk of the work does not rise above the level of mediocrity. Nevertheless, it is pleasant to be able to welcome a few canvases that are marked by individuality and force, and of these are chiefly to be admired Lilian Edmonds's portrait of "Amy," which, despite its reserved colour, is a singularly vivacious work; Marie Thun's refined still-life, in which lemons and currants are judiciously composed in a delicate harmony; Ellen Cohen's dainty work, "The Bouquet"; the imaginative and decorative but unforced compositions of Isö Rac, and the original and spirited outdoor and figure subjects by M. Reichardt. A word of appreciation is also due to Lucy Galton's brilliant flowers in water-colour.



## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE anonymous author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress," the story of the life of the late Empress of Austria, which created considerable sensation last year, has completed a novel, entitled "The Tribulations of a Princess," which will be published this spring by Messrs. Harper. Although the book is presented as a work of fiction, I believe it will be found to be mainly authentic autobiography. It is generally admitted, I think, that the author is an Austrian Princess who married an American and has lately been a frequent contributor to various periodicals in the United States.

I hear that Mr. G. W. Prothero is to write the article on Dr. Creighton for the concluding volumes of the "Dictionary of National

published reviews of the book, for the most part extremely favourable. M. Houssaye was particularly enthusiastic.

Mr. Frank Norris, a young American author who has made a great reputation with his San Francisco stories in the United States, but who, in spite of considerable booming, has, I fancy, failed to catch on to any great extent in this country, has in preparation a trilogy of novels which is likely to create a vast amount of interest—at least, in America. He proposes to write what he terms "The Epic of Wheat," or three distinct novels, each complete in itself, the first dealing with the production of wheat, the second with its distribution, the third with the consumption of American wheat in Europe. The whole work will form the history of a wheat-crop from the time of its sowing in California, through the Stock Exchange gambling (this part of the book promises to be exciting



Mrs. Pussy (sternly): Sir, I've found you out! You've been talking in your sleep.

Mr. Pussy (sleepily): That's all right, my dear. I was only quoting from the "Love Letters of a Cat."

Biography." Mr. Arthur Sidgwick will be responsible for the article on F. W. H. Myers.

In addition to the formal autobiography of the late Professor Max Müller, there is, I hear, to be a work by Mrs. Max Müller, which will form a kind of commentary on the autobiography. Mrs. Max Müller from her earliest acquaintance with her famous husband "took notes" of his career, and these and a number of most interesting letters to Professor Max Müller will be included in the new work.

After the deluge of fictitious amatory correspondence, it would be quite a relief to read the love-letters both of Bismarck and Victor Hugo, which are promised for early publication.

Lord Rosebery's "Napoleon" appears this month in a French translation. It will be decidedly interesting to read the French criticisms of Lord Rosebery's attack on Napoleon's St. Helena jailers. Several of the most noted French historians have, of course, already

and full of curious revelations), down to its use for the relief of a European famine. The scheme is full of suggestions for English authors, although I am afraid wheat hardly suggests an attractive subject. From the recent revelations, beer would prove much more exciting, and the author would have such a magnificent chance of closing his trilogy with a glowing description of the House of Lords.

In some literary matters, at least, we are still ahead of America. We do not have to advertise a new novel as "wholesome." The literary papers of the States at the present time are flooded with advertisements of a certain book, called "The Story of Sarah," which is introduced in great type as a "wholesome American novel."

Mrs. Edith Wharton, the author of "The Greater Inclination" and "A Gift from the Grave," has collected a number of her short stories, under the title "Crucial Instances." Mr. Murray will publish the book shortly.

## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## "ME AN' MY DAWG"

BY AIMÉE STEWART.



HEY met under depressing circumstances. She lay at full length, kicking her heels up in the air, her resting-place a heap of rubbish steaming under the hot rays of a summer sun. She munched a mouldy crust which she had picked up on this same dust-heap—a crust which had escaped the attention of the dogs and cats of the neighbourhood. She was an undersized, goblin-looking creature, with abnormally thin legs—which had probably earned for her the only name she knew, "Shanks"—

a shock-head of tawny hair, rudely cut but astonishingly expressive features, sharp, bright black eyes, and the ghastly wanness of the London street-child.

He came meandering around, sniffing and glancing imploringly into the face of the child. He was as thin as she was, had the same hungry look, and something of the same expressive aspect as the wretched waif lying there in the sun.

"'Ello, Dawg! Wot cher want?" Shanks turned on her side, and thrust out a dirty paw to the yellow, wire-haired mongrel. He approached with the timidity born of many shocks to his trust, but something in the hoarse voice, in the queer little face, must have reassured him. He advanced his nose and nibbled at the piece of bread extended.

"Ain't 'ad no luck, eh, Dawg? More ain't I," said Shanks. She broke off another piece of her scanty meal, and the "dawg" devoured that too, coming a trifle nearer as his confidence was not rudely repulsed. The waif laughed out—at any rate, she cackled. The impulse was the same.

"All gawn!" she said, when she had divided the last crumb with the other waif, and the "dawg" wagged the stump that remained to him and licked his chops, then squatted on his haunches and looked at her. Shanks looked at him meditatively. Then she said, "Seems to me, Dawg, yer ain't got no one, same's me. 'Ow d'yer live, eh?"

"Dawg" wagged his stump again, and drew nearer.

"Tell yer what, Dawg, we'll go 'long together, eh? 'Ow d'yer like that? I ain't got no father or mother—yer ain't got no father or mother. Yer'll be a kind o' pertection to me, Dawg, eh?" said the child, cackling again. She reached out and patted the dog's head, and he came still nearer. Her overtures evidently pleased him. Then he arose and licked her dirty face, thereby making a dazzling spot of clean skin like an oasis in the desert of grime.

Shanks kicked up her heels with a shout, and clutched the dog to her breast. Thus was the bargain sealed.

Shanks had no *pied-à-terre* in any place. She wandered just where the fancy took her, never sleeping twice in the same neighbourhood, lest the "coppers" should chivvy her away. Sometimes she and "Dawg" slept in one of the parks, sometimes crept into a deep doorway, behind or in a cart, curled up on a seat of one of the bridges, or got the wrong side of a dust-heap, and, with rotten cabbage-leaves for a pillow, considered themselves in luxurious quarters. She picked up food somehow or other, sharing religiously with her companion whatever she got. But she never stole, nor did she permit "Dawg" to do so. "The innate purity and rectitude implanted in some natures?" Oh dear, no; nothing of the sort! Shanks was in mortal dread of the "coppers." The "innate rectitude" in her untutored nature was a dread of the prison-cell, the industrial home, or the pauper school. She had heard about the rules, the restrictions, the discipline of these places, and not even the bait of regular food, decent clothes, and warmth and shelter could tempt Shanks to do anything which would land her in one or other of those places.

"Don't you never go an' steal, Dawg," said she, impressively. "If yer does, you'n me parts comp'ny! 'Cos, yer see, Dawg, fustly we'd get copped, and then," said Shanks, with a twinkle in her eye that would have got her a "round" at a music-hall, "yer know, 'tain't honest, Dawg—'tain't reelly!" She amused herself in her leisure time, when not foraging for food, by teaching "Dawg" all manner of tricks; to wit: to stand on his hind-legs—a position which the chronic weakness consequent on his low diet did not permit him long to maintain—to beg, to catch food placed on his nose at a given signal, to dance, to feign death, and other such lessons as his half-starved intelligence could accomplish. Shanks thought him a prodigy, and several times had given impromptu performances in back-streets and byways in suburbs, by which she had earned a few halfpence. People were attracted by her droll, ugly little face and evident sharpness.

The affection between "me an' my dawg" was idyllic. Many a time had Shanks yielded all her crust to him, herself going hungry. Nor would "Dawg" have dreamed of devouring *his* finds all by himself. He brought them in his mouth and laid them at his companion's feet, standing with wagging stump and lolling tongue and scintillating eyes to await his share.

In the midst of his performances, sometimes Shanks would suddenly dash at him, clutch him under her arm, and bolt. She had seen a blue

coat in the offing, and—it was the time of the Muzzling Order—"Dawg" was, of course, guiltless of a muzzle. On one occasion a "copper" had given chase to the offending stray, but Shanks had outraced him and successfully "run the blockade." Poor little strays!

Her long immunity from police supervision had perhaps engendered recklessness on the part of Shanks, for, one night, she was found by the dreaded "copper" sleeping under the lee of a cart which had been abandoned in a brickfield somewhere Hackney way. The night was bitterly cold, and it was raining. Shanks had "Dawg" clutched to her bosom, and the two outcasts slept as only outcasts can sleep, oblivious of wind and rain.

"Hello, little 'un!" said Bobby, stirring the mass of rags with his foot. "Can't sleep 'ere. Lord, the creature'll be frozen!"

He was a kind-hearted fellow; as most "coppers" are, and he thought it would be a kindness to take the creature to the station. At least, she could sleep under a roof.

"Dawg" growled, and Shanks sprang up. Her instinct was to fly, but the "copper" held her.

"Lemme go!" she cried shrilly. "I ain't done no 'arm!"

"Hold your noise," returned Bobby, not unkindly. "You can't sleep here, little 'un. Bless you, you'd be frozen by to-morrow! Come along o' me to the station without any noise, there's a good kiddie!"

"But you won't take my dawg?" cried the child, gasping.

"Don't you make a fuss! Come along. Why, you're wet to the skin now, you poor little kiddie!"

Shanks perceived that it was of no use to make more noise, so she submitted to be led along through the miry slush of the half-made roads, holding her "dawg" to her with a despairing clasp. Bobby held one arm loosely but securely, so she could not make a dash for freedom. On the way, he endeavoured to get out of the child some particulars with regard to her career, but Shanks was reticent. She would only vouchsafe that she was called "Shanks," that she "adn't no 'ome, an' picked up what she could in the streets. Me an' my dawg," she said fiercely. "'E's a good 'un, 'e is. 'E don't never steal—no more don't I."

So the poor child passed the rest of that night in the police station. She was allowed to keep her "dawg" with her, on the piece of matting which formed her luxurious couch before a big fire, for the Inspector on duty had his cells full, and "couldn't fancy turning her in with a drunken woman."

Next morning, poor Shanks was brought up and charged before the Magistrate with "wandering without any visible means of subsistence." Wild-eyed, fierce, yet abashed, on the defensive for her "dawg," Shanks stood in the dock, a queer little figure, "Dawg" cringing at her feet. He had followed her, unperceived by the policeman, and, when Bobby had become aware of the mongrel's presence, he had not the heart to repulse him.

Bobby stated how he had found Shanks, and she turned her bright eyes from the Magistrate to the constable, with an agony of mingled appeal, fear, and defiance, all her queer features working, every muscle of her body joining in the expression of her mental distress.

"What a little droll!" said a man in the crowd, pressing forward to see her; and, indeed, Shanks's appearance seemed to create some amusement, as well as compassion, in Court.

The Magistrate listened gravely, examining the waif, also, attentively; then he asked the child her name.

"Ain't got none," said the hoarse voice. "I'm Shanks—dunno why."

"Have you no home at all?"

Shanks shook her head.

"Don't want none," she said.

"Wouldn't you like to go to school, and learn to read and write and be useful, and have good food and shelter?" asked the Magistrate, kindly.

"Me an' my dawg?" said Shanks, anxiously and eagerly.

"She's got a dog, your Worship," put in the policeman. "They were sleeping together when I found her."

"I'm afraid I shall have to remand you to the workhouse, little girl," said the Magistrate, "till we see what can be done for you. They would not allow you to keep your dog there, of course."

"Then I won't go! I don't want none o' yer schools an' yer food!" cried Shanks, defiantly; but she was imperatively hushed down.

"She is remanded to the workhouse for a week," was the Magistrate's decision; "the dog"—addressing the constable—"had better be destroyed. Next case."

But Shanks uttered a piercing cry, and burst out into protestations, sobs, and incoherent appeals. There was something at once pathetic and ludicrous in the way she caught up the wretched mongrel and clutched him to her, as a woman clutches her baby.

"Oh, don't take 'im 'way!" she cried out passionately. "Lemme tell the gen'l'man 'ow it was. Oh, do lemme! Do 'ear me, sir—yer Wushup! Do, do!"

"Tut, tut!" said the Magistrate, rather vexed: but he was touched, too, at the little creature's passionate misery. "Well, well! What have you got to say?"

"Why, look 'ere, sir; 'twere this way, see?" Shanks began eagerly. She stepped forward, gesticulating dramatically with one hand, the





ANOTHER CHINESE TERROR.

"Well, Li, did you like that pup I sent you last week?"  
"Me likee him velly much. Him velly tender."

while the other held possession of her "dawg." "'E was a-starvin', an' so wer' I; an' 'e 'adn't nobody to love, no more'd I. So I says to 'em, I says, on the dust-'eap, 'Dawg, you come along o' me'; an' he says he would. An' 'e's bin along o' me since—we ain't *never* bin parted, we ain't, me an' my dawg," cried the child; "an' we've shared wot I picked up; an', an'—she gasped for breath in the rush of her eloquence—"e can earn 'is keep, yer Wushup. See 'im beg—see 'im dance—lemme show yer—"

There were roars of laughter, yet there were wet eyes, too, in the Court, for there was something infinitely pathetic in the child's advancement of her "dawg's" accomplishments in order to soften the official heart. Without waiting for actual permission, Shanks put the "dawg" on the floor, and with trembling eagerness bade him stand on his hind-legs and beg, and, this performance being received with a magisterial smile and much laughter in Court, she proceeded to make the animal dance, which he did—after a fashion. But Shanks looked rapidly from the "dawg" to the Magistrate—she was sharp enough to catch the atmosphere of the Court.

"See, yer Wushup," she said, in the same eager manner, "there's a dawg for yer! Ain't it 'nuff to go to yer 'art, now? Yer couldn't, now, kill him, cud yer? Wot 'ud 'e do wi'out me, eh, Dawg? Lemme keep him—do, now!" This very persuasively.

"There, take her away!" said the Magistrate, with a wave of his hand, and the policeman took Shanks's arm and pulled her away. "Come along, younker," he said.

But Shanks, in a paroxysm of despair, flung herself prone on the floor of the dock and sobbed as if her heart would break. Perplexed, the constable stooped down, and, lifting the child, carried her out of the Court, the "dawg" trotting at his heels and whining for sympathy with his weeping mistress. After which, the Court settled down to business.

"Here's a go!" said Bobby, setting the child down in a waiting-room hard by. He scratched his head and looked at the ceiling. Just then, the man who had been looking on, amused by the waif's appearance and the scene in Court, came in. "Look here," he said, "you let me have that 'dawg,' as she calls it. I'll see to him till the kiddie comes up again. Poor mite! She deserves to keep him. There's something in a kid who can feel like that!"

"Well, sir," said Bobby, rather sheepishly, "I did think of managing some way so's the child shouldn't lose him; she's fit to break her 'art over him, I declare."

Shanks stopped sobbing over the "dawg," who had crept into her arms. She listened breathlessly. The man came up and patted her head; he was a kind-looking fellow.

"What 'll be done with her, policeman?" he asked.

"Sent to the workhouse schools, I expect, sir; leastways," said Bobby with a laugh, "unless some charitable folk see in the newspapers to-morrow about the 'Scene in Court,' and take her up."

The man mused.

"The kid's a droll animal," he said. "Blessed if there wasn't a kind of tragedy in the way she went on! I could make something of her in the halls, and she could keep her 'dawg.' Well, we'll see; anyway, little 'un, I'll take care of your pet till next week."

"Oh!" cried Shanks dramatically; "if yer 'll take care on 'im, I 'll die fer yer, I will!"

"Poor kiddie!" said the man, pityingly. "Say good-bye to the 'dawg' then, little 'un, and God bless you!"

The parting was most affecting, Shanks weeping abundantly, yet evidently much comforted by the prospect that her "dawg" would be well cared for, even if she could not have him. Wherein she showed that she was a woman.

On the re-appearance of Shanks before the magistrate, she looked much improved, and the fierce defiance of her aspect had given place to a kind of subdued eagerness of demeanour. Her fate and that of the "dawg" hung in the balance.

The same man who had taken her "dawg" now came forward, and offered to take charge of the waif; he gave credentials, and said his wife would look after her. He was a well-known music-hall proprietor, who ran his place on decent lines, and he said Shanks was worth something better than to be made a pauper scholar: he could bring her up to get her living honestly and save the ratepayers her keep.

After due inquiry, this offer was accepted, and Shanks passed to the keeping of her new friend, when the meeting between her and the "dawg" was of a pathetic character. "Dawg" looked quite fat with good living, and could scarcely stand on his hind-legs for portliness, as once he could scarcely stand for weakness.

And at this day, if you will go to a certain hall in the East-End, you may see a droll-looking creature, half-girl, half-woman, in a sketch that convulses the audience with laughter and moves them to tears, and the sketch is called "Me an' My Dawg."

#### IMPORTANT NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Whilst cordially thanking the many Contributors who have submitted interesting photographs and notes for his consideration, the Editor would urge upon such contributors the necessity for ensuring *ABSOLUTE ACCURACY* in the matters of *NAMES* and *DATES*, which should be written in pencil on the back of each portrait and view sent to "The Sketch," 108, Strand, London.

## SOME BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

BY AN EXPERT OF "THE ROW."

ONE of the most interesting events of the past month has been the running out of copyright of George Eliot's justly celebrated novel, "Adam Bede." From a moral point of view, justice should give an author and his descendants full copyright in all his unassigned works, just as the law gives it in the case of land—nay, more so, as a book is the creation of man's brain, and land is certainly not. But publishers, not unnaturally, have much to say in favour of the lapse of copyright of works which, as literature, cannot be too widely read. Now that "Adam Bede" is non-copyright, it will be extensively reprinted, and its popularity will be renewed immeasurably. Readers of the Life of George Eliot will remember with what perturbation she issued this powerful novel, and how, soon after its publication, five thousand copies were sold in a fortnight, and sixteen thousand in twelve months, and how pleased she was to accept £800 for the copyright for four years. But that sum was greatly increased by the publishers, who paid very handsomely for this as well as for other works by this gifted author.

MESSRS. W. BLACKWOOD AND SONS

have in hand two new editions of George Eliot's novels, entitled the "Warwick," in ten volumes, on thin India paper, beautifully printed, handy to read, and at a cheap price. The other edition will be in library form, and artistically illustrated.

#### THE SPRING HOLIDAY SEASON

will shortly commence, and for those travelling on the Continent no better books can be found than "French Life in Town and Country," by H. Lynch, and "German Life in Town and Country," by W. H. Dawson (George Newnes, Limited). These are handy volumes for the pocket, they are written by those who know both countries well, and will be found useful to the traveller and interesting to the general reader. Those who have children under their care should study

"CONCERNING CHILDREN," BY MRS. STETSON-GILMAN  
(PUTNAM'S SONS).

This is an attempt to gauge the relative demands of youth upon age and the duties of age to youth, both important questions. Mrs. Gilman is on many points very outspoken, but she writes as one who has thoroughly mastered her subject.

The principal books of the month have been novels, but there has been nothing from our leading novelists, except perhaps

"STREET DUST," BY "OUIDA" (F. V. WHITE),

which consists of a collection of stories of Italian life, told perhaps with a little too much realism. The first story is the most powerful, and will not be soon forgotten. "The Mayor of Littlejoy," by F. C. Smale (Ward, Lock, and Co.), attracted considerable attention when appearing in *To-Day*. The book recounts the strange experience of Mr. Pettigrew during his Mayoralty. The humorous situations are capitally described, and the book is well illustrated by Will Owen. A vigorous attempt is being made to popularise American fiction in this country by Mr. W. Heinemann, who has just issued the first volume of

#### THE DOLLAR LIBRARY,

entitled "The Girl at the Halfway House," by E. Hough. This is a story of the American Civil War, told with force and movement; the hero's adventures in battle, love, and his struggles in civilising the Western States are vigorously narrated in chapters full of character and pathos. If the future volumes are as good as the first, the Dollar Library will be a deserved success. As a study in literary workmanship, nothing could be better in a certain style than "The Life Romantic," by R. Le Gallienne (Hurst and Blackett). The story is uninteresting and conventional, but many of the chapters will take rank with some of the best of Mr. Le Gallienne's *Prose Fancies*.

"GOOD SOULS OF CIDER LAND," BY W. RAYMOND (GRANT RICHARDS),

is a collection of capital tales, and although a few of them have been previously issued, they will pay for re-reading. They all reflect a thorough knowledge of West Country scenery and dialect.

IN "CASTING OF NETS," BY R. BAGOT (E. ARNOLD),

we have a strong and well-written story on the question of mixed marriage. This takes place between an English Peer and a Roman Catholic lady. The intrigue and certain aspects of Catholicism are cleverly brought before the reader, and the book deserves to sell well. Mr. Frank Mathew will add to his reputation by his new novel,

"THE ROYAL SISTERS" (JOHN LONG),

which is an historical romance based upon the relationship which existed between Mary and Elizabeth, daughters of Henry VIII. The book can be thoroughly recommended to those who like a good historical novel. "My Indian Queen," by Guy Boothby, is, as its title indicates, a thrilling romance founded on Oriental mysticism. It is told in Mr. Boothby's most fascinating and ingenious manner.

#### STORY OF SECRET SOCIETIES.

A capital story of the inner workings of Secret Societies is "Sesa," by H. St. John Raikes (J. W. Arrowsmith, Bristol). It is well written and full of blood-curdling situations which will thrill the reader.



## MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

## M. MESSENGER'S PRETTY COMIC OPERA,

"La Basoche," was revived at the Guildhall School on the 15th inst. by students of that deservedly popular institution. There was a large audience, which included the public-spirited Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs, and other civic celebrities. The young performers did themselves great credit, as did all who took part in the representation, from Mr. Ernest Ford, the Conductor, to Mrs. Charles P. Smith, the assiduous Lady Superintendent, whose assistance included instruction to the young ladies of the Chorus as to making their pretty costumes. Mr. Hugh Moss, who was the Stage Manager when "La Basoche" was produced in English at Mr. D'Oyly Carte's Royal English Opera—now the Palace Variety Theatre—on Nov. 3, 1891, again undertook that duty, with his customary success; and the charming dances, arranged by Mr. Soultan, were most attractive features. The band and chorus of students took all possible pains in their departments. Of course, the soloists were not quite equal to Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. John Le Hay, Miss Esther Palliser, and other popular artists seen when the opera was first produced, but no fault could reasonably be found with them. The stage surroundings were also picturesque and effective. Two other representations of the opera were given. "La Basoche" is a bright and pleasing example of modern French comic opera, but M. Messenger has since reached a higher artistic standard in

## HIS FASCINATING "MADAME CHRYSANTHÈME"

and "Le Chevalier d'Harmental," produced at the Paris Opéra-Comique. The popularity of M. Messenger in this country has greatly increased since his appointment as Manager of the Royal Opera at Covent Garden. His wife is the elegant song-writer popularly known as "Hope Temple."

## M. EMIL SAUER, THE FAMOUS PIANIST,

has always been popular in this country, and a large audience assembled when he gave his first recital this season at St. James's Hall on the 20th inst. It was his first appearance in London since his remarkable American tour, and his admirers were delighted to remark that M. Sauer played with greater delicacy, expression, and refinement than ever.

## SEÑOR MANUEL GARCIA,

still teaching the vocal art at the Royal Academy of Music, reached the other day his ninety-sixth year, the veteran being so blithe, hearty, and cheerful that he counts upon being a centenarian. Some of the greatest vocalists of our time were formerly pupils of this "Grand Old Man" of the musical world.

## SIR HENRY IRVING,

having finished his tour last Saturday (the 23rd), started on Monday actively rehearsing "Coriolanus" for production at the Lyceum on about April 19.

The Lyceum will, I learn, in the autumn be occupied by Mr. Charles Frohman, who will "present" (as he loves to say) Mr. William Gillette in that clever actor's drama based upon the adventures of Sherlock Holmes. By the way, a travesty on this detective drama and a parody of "Coriolanus" are threatened by Mr. H. Chance Newton, who has for some time been engaged upon similar nefarious tasks.

## PURCELL AND ELLEN TERRY, AT THE CORONET.

The Coronet Theatre, Notting Hill, holds what seems a trump card in the rare entertainment which it presents during this week, for it embraces one of our oldest composers and our most charming actress. Miss Ellen Terry and Charles Reade's play, "Nance Oldfield," are too well and favourably known by all playgoers to need discussion; but Purcell's opera, "Dido and Æneas," and "The Masque of Love," from his later work, "Diocletian," which are given by the Purcell Society, are delightful novelties to most. Purcell, in the opinion of the



MISS MURIEL ELLIOT.

Photo by Fall, Baker Street, W.



MR. STERLING MACKINLAY.

Photo by Hanna, Bedford Street, Strand

cognoscenti, is the greatest of our native composers, and his very premature death was a terrible loss to English music. Mr. Gordon Craig, an enthusiast, has contrived a delightful setting for the lovely, tuneful old works, whose simplicity is very welcome after the storm and stress of our heavy, feverish modern music.

## THE "TWELFTH NIGHT" SOUVENIR.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree's beautiful revival of "What You Will" has long passed its "twelfth night," and, indeed, even its fiftieth performance.

In honour of its scoring half-a-century, Mr. Tree presented what may fairly be deemed the most beautiful souvenir on record. In a volume with a charming cover showing Malvolio and his satellites are a dozen reproductions in colour of pictures of the players and scenes in the revival. Mr. Burchell, the artist, has shown very great skill in his portraits, which in almost all cases are admirable likenesses and



MISS KATE RORKE, WHO IS PLAYING IN "A FOOL'S PARADISE," IN THE SUBURBS OF LONDON.

Photo by Dupont, New York.

charming as works of art; and Mr. Carl Hentschel, by a new process which he calls colour-type, has reproduced them superbly, so that little of the beauty of the originals has vanished in the course of translation—so little that perhaps one might say none. Yet, though all the tones of the rainbow are present in the pictures, but three colours are used, and only three printings are necessary in the reproductions.

## MISS KATE RORKE,

one of the fairest and most winsome of Erin's sweet daughters, proved such a charming and fascinating leading actress in a host of good plays, and such an adorable Queen in by far the most effective stage version of "The Three Musketeers," that it must have been a disappointment to town theatre-goers that she did not obtain a regular starring engagement at the West-End. Endowed with rare beauty, possessing a mellow voice of exceptional power, Miss Kate Rorke sets a good example to the many actresses who, by sheer lack of elocutionary skill and energy, are nearly inaudible. With Mr. Dawson Milward, sparkling Miss Eva Moore, and a generally competent company, Miss Kate Rorke is engrossing the suburban playgoing public, a considerable body now, in Mr. Sydney Grundy's serious play, "A Fool's Paradise," in which her intense style imparts singular force to the character of the heroine. Last week at the Coronet, Miss Kate Rorke has this week taken the same piece to the Camden Theatre, which belongs to the same masterly Manager, Mr. Saunders.

## THE ELLIOT-MACKINLAY CONCERT.

An exceedingly interesting Schumann Concert was recently given at the Salle Erard by two young people of remarkable talent—Miss Muriel Elliot and Mr. Sterling Mackinlay. Miss Elliot, the pianist, has already earned a reputation in the musical world for the fine quality of her playing, and her work as an exponent of Schumann won, and very well deserved, great favour. Particularly refined and delicate was her rendering of one of the Noveletten, after which the audience insisted upon an encore. Mr. Sterling Mackinlay, the vocalist, in whose first name is revealed the fact that he is the son of the ever-popular contralto, Antoinette Sterling (Mrs. Mackinlay Sterling), is a clear case of heredity, for the son of the songstress is already a singer of distinguished talent. By the way, her daughter is a member of Mr. Benson's Company, and I have little doubt will soon make her way in the theatrical world. Mr. Mackinlay, pupil of the veteran Garcia,

sang a number of the superb songs that have set Schumann among the very highest, and, in all, his rich bass voice, excellent enunciation, and intelligence enabled him to produce a charming effect. Several other concerts are to be given by these young musicians, who, it is pleasant to note, intend to confine their work to music which really deserves consideration. Mr. Mackinlay is an Eton boy and an Oxford man, and will shortly take his "M.A."

#### MISS LILY HANBURY

unmistakably added to her reputation by her exemplary delivery of the fine patriotic "Chorus" speeches in "Henry the Fifth," at the Lyceum, and the bold abandon of this handsome young actress's representation of Miladi, in "The Three Musketeers," at the same theatre, materially contributed to the marked success of the revival. It is a pleasure to give fresh portraits of Miss Ellen Terry and of Miss Lily Hanbury in this week's *Sketch*.

#### MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON'S SEASON

at the Comedy Theatre will commence shortly with "Count Ternia," in which that favourite actor will appear with his accomplished wife (Miss Gertrude Elliott), Miss Suzanne Sheldon, and Mr. Frank Mills. I hear the instrumental music is being written by Mr. Arthur Hinton, who will conduct the orchestra.

#### MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER

changes his mind with feminine rapidity. He now announces the last nights of "The Awakening," at the St. James's, and it is stated that Mr. H. V. Esmond's new play of "The Wilderness" will be his next production at the King Street playhouse. Miss Eva Moore will appear in her husband's new piece.

*Sketch* readers will doubtless remember being informed that during Mr. Alexander's usual tour the St. James's will be occupied by its old tenants, namely, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal. Among the special productions which these popular players contemplate submitting at the St. James's is "The Secret Orchard," a play not successful in the provinces.

#### MR. ARTHUR COLLINS IN NEW YORK.

At the moment of going to press, I learn that Mr. Arthur Collins has, on his arrival in New York, arranged to bring for presentation at Drury Lane the most successful of the many adaptations just now prevalent in America of General Lew Wallace's recently much-adapted romance entitled "Ben Hur." When this play comes to Old Drury, you may expect to see (as in the United States) a wonderfully realistic representation of a Roman Chariot Race, a spectacle which has for many months past drawn huge crowds of people in America, as, indeed, will doubtless be the case when it is to be seen in London.

#### MR. CHARLES HAWTREY

has arranged to move that phenomenally successful play, "A Message from Mars," from the Avenue to the Prince of Wales's next Saturday week, namely, April 6. After a few performances of "A Message from Mars," Mr. Hawtrely will present at the Prince of Wales's Mr. F. Anstey's new eccentric comedy, "The Man from Blankney's."

#### MRS. LEWIS WALLER,

continuing her triumphs in the provinces, is making a most successful tour of the London suburban theatres in the powerful drama of "Zaza," in which Mrs. Leslie Carter made such a "hit" as the "Traviata" of the French Variety Halls. Irresistibly alluring in the dressing-room of the St. Etienne Music-Hall, where her feminine coquetry first enchants Bernard Dufresne (who finds a handsome representative in Mr. J. G. Grahame), Mrs. Lewis Waller skilfully portrays in later scenes the development of passionate affection for her admirer; is infinitely pathetic in the telling situation with Dufresne's little daughter and wife, enacted by Miss Jessie Gunter, a good-looking young actress whose refined, lady-like style offers the best possible foil to the flamboyant Zaza; and literally "brings down the house" by the passionate fervour of her parting with Dufresne. Mr. E. G. Saunders's palatial and commodious new Camden Theatre was literally thronged during the performance of "Zaza" by Mrs. Lewis Waller and Company last week. This satisfactory result was secured mainly by the strong embodiment of the part of the heroine by Mrs. Waller, and the remarkably effective acting of Mr. Grahame, Miss Rosalind Ivan, Miss Kate Kearney, Mr. Cecil Brooking, and Miss Minnie Rayner.

### A STRANGE STORY OF LEWIS WALLER.

**B**EFORE Mr. Lewis Waller embarks for America, as he seems likely to do at the end of his present provincial tour with Mr. William Mollison, it may be as well to relate a story which Mr. Waller, while buckling on his armour in order to "affright the air at Agincourt," recently related to the present writer.

I had just been referring to my friend Waller having been born in that romantic country, Spain—at Bilbao, in point of fact—when he suddenly leaped into the air and ejaculated, "Great Scott!"

At first methought he was referring to his brother-in-law, the eminent critic and Free-Lancer of the same surname, when Waller exclaimed—

"Born in Spain, indeed! Why, I was very near not being born at all!"

"Great heavens!" I cried. "Why? Unfold, I prithee!"

"Ah! it is a story to make you tremble and turn pale," he continued. "But it is true. It fell out thus. My father was a Civil Engineer, but he was at first trained in one of the military departments. He was a rare chap for languages. As for French, he spoke that like a native from a very early age. He was passionately fond of sketching and painting, and some beautiful bits of work he did of that sort, I assure you.

"Well, when he was about eighteen, he went to stay awhile in his beloved France, to pursue his engineering studies, and one day he went off several miles away to sketch a very quaint old castle that had taken his fancy.

"He soon became absorbed in his work, and did not notice that the chief gate of this building was presently opened, and that from it there emerged a group of fellows in uniform. They silently surrounded my father that was to be, and, arresting him at one fell swoop, carried him bodily into this old castle."

"And then?" I inquired breathlessly.

"And then," continued Waller, "they dragged him from room to room, from official to official, through cells and dungeons *en route*, until they stood face to face with some very haughty magnate, apparently the ruler of the castle.

"My prospective papa soon found that, owing to a strong amount of English sympathy that was then prevailing with regard to a certain Distinguished French Prisoner, this castle, which formed that Distinguished Prisoner's prison, had been long watched and guarded by lynx-like eyes! And it was soon borne in upon my future father that he was suspected, and was about to be charged with having secretly drawn plans of this castellated jail!"

"All the young artist-captive's explanations in fluent French were futile, and things began to look very black for him. At last, after his captors had taken him to many an official, and had brought him face to face with all sorts of people, to see if he could be recognised, it was resolved that he should anon be brought face to face with the Distinguished Prisoner himself! In due course that Prisoner was brought in to confront the youthful captive. The Prisoner betrayed no sign of emotion, for the youngster was a perfect stranger. My future papa, however, at once knew that the Prisoner was no other than the then lately missing Louis Napoleon, who some years before he was made ruler of France was, you will remember, arrested for fomenting a rebellion and was carefully concealed in a fortress for a long time. It was soon after this that Louis escaped to England, and was sworn in as a special constable during the Chartist riots.

"It took my immediate ancestor a good while to get free, and then it was only managed through a doctor whom he knew happening to come in and recognising him as a young student whom he had known since that student was a little boy.

"And that is how it is I almost escaped being born. For my father always declared that he was narrowly saved not only from a long, long stay in a dungeon deep beneath that castle moat, but that he also might even have been secretly guillotined!"

And that is why I fancy Mr. Lewis Waller must somehow be of Irish descent.

H. CHANCE NEWTON.



MR. LEWIS WALLER AS KING HENRY V. IN HIS SUCCESSFUL  
REVIVAL AT THE LYCEUM.

Photo by Langfester, Old Bond Street, W.

Mr. Marshall Hall, K.C., M.P., whose tremendous attack on Yellow Journalism will be remembered, is himself something of a newspaper proprietor, being a Director of the *Southport Visitor and Waterloo Herald*.



## THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

*An Easter Hint—Seeking Fresh Scenes—Look to Your Accessories—The Battle of the Badges—The Uses of Vibration—Free-Wheels and Side-Slip—A Warning to Fond Fathers—That Word “Cyclist.”*

Time to light up: Wednesday, March 27, 7.22; Thursday, 7.23; Friday, 7.25; Saturday, 7.27; Sunday, 7.28; Monday, April 1, 7.30; Tuesday, 7.32.

Just a hint about Easter, necessary to some people, though not to most. If you are not in good riding trim, don't start off on a three or four days' tour, expecting to do seventy to a hundred miles a-day and feel comfortable after it. Nothing is so foolish as trying to cover a long distance which is beyond your strength. There is no pleasure in it, as you know. The only satisfaction is to be able to brag you have done so many miles in so many days. And of all the bores I occasionally come across, the most boresome is the man who gets beside you in the smoking-room of a country inn and wants to brag of his mileage. Mileages are like babies—they are interesting only to their authors and are a nuisance to other people. The best thing is not to set out on a long tour. Hit upon some neighbourhood, one you are familiar with and like, or one you are not familiar with and want to investigate, discover a good inn, and then potter round for your holiday.

Now, whether you are a tourist or a Saturday-afternoon-Sunday-morning dawdler, just look to your accessories. The chances are that you have lost a spanner or something else, you may be without repairing-rubber, and it is twenty to one the solution in the tube has dried up and is useless. See to these things. If you don't, you'll wish you had when, some evening, you find yourself far from home and a trifling accident on hand. If you are a lady, and possess the desire of your sex to look sweet on a wheel—by no means a bad desire—take the tool-bag away from dangling behind the saddle, find another place for it, and let your skirts hang gracefully. Writing as a mere man, it is the delight of my eyes to see a pretty girl in a pretty costume sitting well on her wheel and hieing away to the country.

*Cycling* has certainly done well in reproducing the Club-badges of the Cyclists' Touring Club, the Central London Cycling Club, and the League of American Wheelmen. Everybody knows the badge of three feathers within a wheel—a very charming and appropriate device. Recently the “C.T.C.” has been attacking the “C.L.C.C.” for what it calls an infringement of its “trade-mark,” threatening an application in the High Court for an injunction and for damages, and generally bullying the “C.L.C.C.” in anything but a dignified way. There is no doubt the badge of the Central London is in the nature of a colourable imitation of the three wings of the “C.T.C.” and it is a pity its founders hadn't more originality. But there is the striking fact that the “C.T.C.” badge is not an original design, but was appropriated in 1885 from the League of American Wheelmen, which started to use it in 1880—exactly the same, save that the letters “C.T.C.” are substituted for the letters “L.A.W.” It is bad enough that Mr. Shipton should have registered an unoriginal badge, but it is going somewhat too far for the solicitor of the “C.T.C.” to claim this appropriated design as a “trade-mark” the property of the “C.T.C.” and threaten with an action any other Club that used three wings. Mr. Shipton owes the cycling world, and especially the members of the “C.T.C.,” some explanation.

Recently, the matter of vibration has been interesting us all, and the devices that have been suggested to minimise it are innumerable. All along, I have believed that it is only the infrequent rider or the cyclist who has taken to wheeling late in life that really feels inconvenience from jolting. Many of the inventions do something to check vibration, but it is only something. However, there are advantages in jolting. When I am seedy and my liver is sluggish, and I have only two hours in the morning before lunch to be braced up in, I wouldn't give a tinker's expletive for your smooth, velvety highway. On such occasions I revel in a humpy-bumpy road. There is some excitement in it. I know it is jolting my liver. I come home with a bright eye and a happy heart. So “there is good in everything,” to quote the usually quoted gentleman. But, as it takes all sorts to make a world, it is natural there are folks who like to cycle as though they were gliding on air, and there are times when I am in the same frame of mind myself. Now, I've long been a believer that the same-sized wheels, 28-inch or 30-inch, are best, because, when touring, as there is always a greater wear on the hind than on the front wheel, it is an advantage to be able to change the tyres about. But same-sized wheels, and 28-inch more than 30-inch, provide greater vibration than if the back wheel were 28-inch and the fore wheel 30-inch. Further, there is no doubt that in hill-climbing a 30-inch front wheel is an aid. So there are always two sides to a question.

Over a year ago, when I was doing my best to restrain the absurd exaggeration of the benefits of the free-wheel, I came in for a good deal of criticism because I had the audacity—I presume “audacity” is the word—to declare that a free-wheel was much more prone to side-slip than a fixed-gear. That was taken as proof positive I knew nothing about free-wheels (though I was riding a free-wheel continuously), and sections of the world were informed that there was nothing like a free-wheel if you wanted to avoid side-slip. Well, we've had a nasty, slithery, sloppy winter, the enthusiasm of the free-wheel maniacs has cooled, and the truth is out. It is admitted now on all hands that a free-wheel is more inclined to side-slip than a fixed-gear. I was reading a letter

the other day written by a “Mud Plugger,” who rides in all kinds of weather, and he says one is not nearly so safe on a free-wheel as on a fixed-wheel. “On the free-wheel, the cranks being motionless, you are, as it were, entirely ignorant of what your back wheel is up to, whereas in the fixed-wheel the movement of the side-slip is at once conveyed to the cranks, whereby by a little timely pressure on either pedal you are often enabled to save yourself. In muddy weather I therefore pin my faith to the fixed-wheel.”

It is to be hoped that this season we won't see so many fond fathers taking their little ones for a jaunt on a seat fastened in front of the handle-bar. The intention is good, but the wisdom is deficient. Slight as a child is in weight, it is sufficient to make the steering awkward, and, in the moment of a crisis, say imminent collision, the father, from an excess of nervousness, is certain to increase the danger. I spent last week-end down at Brighton, and on the “Front” I saw a father hauling his youngster about on a trailer, a slim basket jinrickshaw-like carriage. It did not look picturesque, but, then, that is only a matter of use. The father rode easily enough, and the little one, in its carriage, seemed quite happy.

The recent Annual Meeting of the “C.T.C.” gave Mr. Shipton, the Secretary, a severe rap over the knuckles for having deleted the word “cyclist” from the membership-form, with the object, of course, of allowing automobilists to become members. Mr. Shipton admitted he struck out the word on his own responsibility, and by an overwhelming majority he was ordered to put it back. On the main question, however, as to whether automobilists should be allowed to join the “C.T.C.,” I agree with Mr. Shipton. Personally, I don't appreciate why automobilists should be excluded. In the near distance I see the time when many cyclists will be riding motor-bicycles. Will they be expelled from membership? If they are not, then automobilism is admitted; and if the Club recognises a two-wheeled motor-driven cycle, what argument can be used against a three-wheel or four-wheel motor-carriage? On the other hand, the automobilists have a splendid Club of their own, and it is somewhat doubtful whether they would want to join the “C.T.C.,” even if the “C.T.C.” opened its arms to them, which it does not. By the way, the automobile may become so far developed as to induce theatrical touring companies in the near future to travel from town to town by voiturettes instead of in railway-trains. J. F. F.

## ROYAL CYCLISTS.

The subjoined photograph of Princess Victoria and Princess Charles of Denmark just starting for a ride in Sandringham Park is significant proof of the interest their Royal Highnesses have always taken in this most health-giving of outdoor amusements. Long before cycling became a fashionable craze, the daughters of the then Prince and



PRINCESS VICTORIA AND PRINCESS CHARLES OF DENMARK.

Photo by Fall, Baker Street, W.

Princess of Wales were expert wheelwomen, and they also did much to promote the love of cycling abroad by presenting several of their Royal Continental cousins—notably, Princess Marie of Greece, the pretty daughter of King George—with beautiful cycles of British make. Both Queen Alexandra and King Edward have tricycles, and in this matter the Premier sets them a good example, for, as has lately become known to the public, one of the few forms of exercise taken by Lord Salisbury is tricycling. Even when in town he still keeps up his connection with the wheel, special permission having been granted him to make use of the grounds of Buckingham Palace.

## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## RACING NOTES.

*The Grand National.*

The race for the Cross-Country Blue Ribbon will not be up to the usual standard this year. All the past winners have gone out, and the horses left in are a sorry lot. I predict as big a crowd as usual, including the Irish priests, who devour cold boiled eggs and sip a drop of the "crayther" from tasty flasks the time the odds are being discussed in Tattersall's Ring. For, be it remembered, the race is run on Fish Day. There have been so many chops and changes in the market that one is perfectly perplexed in any attempt to forecast the result. From latest information to hand, I am bound to go for Covert Hack, and I think Levanter and Barsac will finish in the first three. Bar accidents, all the horses named should get over the course. They will be handled by capable jockeys, and they have all been supported in the market. I think the rider of the Grand National winner should be decorated each year by the National Hunt Stewards with a sort of "V.C.," and should be allowed to use the title and decoration for all time. It would, at least, be a case of merit rewarded lastingly, as the proceeds of cheques are so soon scattered.

*Liverpool Cup.*

Owing to the clashing of so many important Handicaps in the early spring, the Liverpool Spring Cup has lost some of its popularity, and it is now very small potatoes indeed. There were only twenty-six subscribers to the race this year, and of that number twenty accepted. Several animals engaged have other and more important engagements, and they are not likely to be seen at the post next Saturday. I have heard favourable reports of the Irish-trained Glenart, who is not overweighted with 7 st. 5 lb. Mr. Lambton's best should be dangerous, although it is difficult to guess which horse will represent the stable. Fabulist, who won the Autumn Cup, is very fast, and both Greenan and Australian Star are very well in. I think the race will be won by Australian Star, who carried the money of the big plunge at Kempton last year, although the owner of the horse, Mr. Spencer Gollan, was not sweet on his horse's chance. Australian Star is a wayward creature, but he is a very fast animal, and, when well ridden, he is bound to be dangerous in any big handicap. Bendur, who is given 7 st. 8 lb., is supposed to be one of the best horses trained in the North of England.

*Jockeys to Follow.* It is difficult to say how some of the jockeys will shape this year. It will be safe to advise the following of the brothers Reiff and Maher, of the Americans, and I think Halsey, S. Loates, and K. Cannon, of the English jockeys, will pay for following. I believe Maher, who is only nineteen years old, has predicted that he will head the winning list in 1901. This he may do if he gets plenty of mounts on good horses. At the same time, it may happen that Handicappers will, for their own protection, pile the weight on those animals that are likely to be ridden by American jockeys. J. H. Martin ought to capture plenty of the two-year-old races for Mr. Musker, and Lester Reiff has a big chance of riding the respective winners of the Two Thousand Guineas, Derby, and St. Leger—not that I think he will do so, by-the-bye. Mornington Cannon is very likely to get a better record than he had last year, as John Porter and R. Marsh have some very smart two-year-olds in training. Of our lightweights, W. Lane and Brown should be in great request. They both ride remarkably well.

*Futures.*

The Northampton Meeting is unfortunate in being fixed to take place in Holy Week, as Southerners will be inclined to stay at home, while those who go to see the Northampton Stakes run for on the Thursday will have the holiday traffic to contend against. I have heard good accounts of Evasit for this race. On Saturday, April 6, the first meeting of the season in the Metropolitan district is fixed to take place at Alexandra Park, and I predict a bumper attendance, as this is one of the most popular meetings held round London. The London Cup is a very taking race, and I am told the field this year will be a good one, as the majority of the Newmarket-trained horses engaged are likely to go to the post. The race is very likely to be won by La Lune, a smart little mare owned by the mantle-manufacturer, Mr. A. Steddall, who lives on Denmark Hill, where he keeps a small breeding stud. Another horse that is likely to run well in this race is Scotchman II., though it should be borne in mind that this is a wayward animal who may not act to advantage round the bends.

*Double Events.*

Now that the coupon competitions have been stopped, the little punters go in for trying to find the winners of double events, but it is seldom a big haul is made. A well-known bookmaker's son once pulled in £3000 over the winners of the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, which is the biggest double that has come under my particular notice. I did hear, however, many years ago, of two brothers, publicans in the Beaufort Country, who won £5000 over a double, in which Isonomy figured as one of the winners. After receiving their money, an opportunity arose to invest the lot in local Bank shares at £10 per share, and in the course of a very few years the shares were scarcely obtainable at £50 apiece, and no wonder, seeing that steady dividends at the rate of 20 per cent. had been paid for some

years! One more double event and I have done. I remember the case of two brothers who lived at Uxbridge. Back in the 'sixties, one brother coupled the winner of the Lincoln with the second in the Grand National, while the other brother had the winner in the National with the second in the Lincoln Handicap!

*Private Meetings.*

Mr. Solly Joel is to be commended for having given us such good sport at the Maiden Erlegh Meeting, and I hope he will continue the fixture. Mr. H. McCalmont has attempted to make steeplechasing hum at Newmarket, but up to now his efforts have met with little success. I hope, however, he will persevere, and in the near future I should be glad to know that the locals supported the fixture in sufficiently large numbers to make it pay. Mr. Ralph Sneyd has tired of his attempt to make the Keele Park fixture a success. It seems the local people do not take kindly to steeplechasing. It is a remarkable fact, but it is true, that, to make a fixture a success, it is necessary to have good telegraphic communication with London and all the large towns in the North of England. This truth cannot be asserted too often, for many of the antediluvian officials fancy the absence of telegraph-wires adds to the gate-money, whereas just the opposite is the case. I know the wires running into the Oval and Lord's cricket-grounds have been a great help to both enclosures during the cricket season.

*Luncheons.*

Refreshment contractors are not likely to do so well on our racecourses in the future as they have in the past. Competition is becoming too keen for them. The railway companies now put on luncheon- and dining-cars on all trains going to and from the course when the journey takes more than a couple of hours to accomplish, with the result that sporting men lunch on the journey down and dine on the up-journey, to the gain of the railway people and the loss of the racecourse restaurateurs. I am not quite sure that feeding on a train travelling at fifty miles an hour is an aid to digestion, but I do know that feeding *en route* is a big saving of time to the busy business-man. Further, I must confess that railway lunches are, on many of the lines, at any rate, a great deal better and cheaper than those supplied on some racecourses that I could mention, although the catering at Newmarket and at Sandown is as good as it is possible to wish for. If the refreshment managers took my advice, they would provide tasty afternoon-teas.

CAPTAIN COE.

## THE ROYAL BUCKHOUNDS.

There has been considerable discussion lately on the subject of the Royal Buckhounds. The spread of building operations in the districts covered by the Hunt is likely to make its cessation necessary in, at most, a few years' time, and the present has been thought a fitting opportunity for establishing a pack of Royal Foxhounds



SOUVENIR OF THE ROYAL BUCKHOUNDS: A MEET THIS YEAR AT THE ROYAL HOTEL, ASCOT.

in its place. The new Master (Lord Chesham) and Huntsman (Frank Goodall) were appointed only during the present season, which, owing to the death of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, was limited to the three months preceding her decease. An influential and representative meeting was held recently at Windsor, at which a petition was drawn up for presentation to His Majesty in favour of the Hunt being maintained on its present footing.

It is an interesting circumstance, in connection with the investiture by the King of Lord Balfour of Burleigh with the honour of Knighthood and with the insignia of the Ancient and Most Noble Order of the Thistle, that only a few days before the ceremony the young Marquis of Bute had an audience of His Majesty, in order to give up the insignia of the Order of the Thistle worn by his late father.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

IT befell that we had one gleam of sunshine the week before last, and for two blissful hours our atmosphere unbent itself into actual warmth—so much so, in fact, that Persian-lamb coats became oppressive, and one was untimely betrayed into such unreasoning rashness as to yearn after tucked silk boleros and a diminution of interior

the recent investigations and exposures. Now, if only someone with influence and leisure would take this matter in hand, and thus expedite the anticipated action of the War Office, what a practical good work it would be!

There is an old superstition which, of all others, should command the appreciative attention of the one and only sex, since it lays down an injunction that to gain luck for the year one must wear "something new" on Easter morn. The soul of woman, never averse to fresh effects and peculiarly susceptible to the blandishments which spring fashions exercise at this time of year, does not need great pressure in responding to this antique Commandment, and, even where new Paris frocks are not to be encompassed, there is always the more easily obtainable intoxication of the latest millinery.

A new hat, always the crux of one's costume, becomes at Easter, therefore, the hub of Fortune's wheel as well, and to those in quest of the latest and best effects in millinery I should advise a visit to Scott, of Old Bond Street, who has hatted our sporting sons and brothers for so many generations, and now negotiates the Eternal Feminine wants no less successfully from a well-arranged first-floor. Scott issues a smart little booklet in which all the latest fashions are shown forth, and the whole gamut of the millinery phase is set out, from "Ladysmith felts" of severely utilitarian aspect to the most elaborate form of the picture-hat.

Following what to wear at Easter comes the no less pregnant question of where to go for that welcome interlude which comes as an oasis in



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WHITE CHIFFON AND BLACK LACE.

swathings. In this reckless and unsettled frame of mind it came to pass that I saw, admired, and bought what the shopwoman called "a spring model coat," while assuring me with many adjectives that it was just the thing for the inevitably approaching balmy weather. Transposing Hans Breitmann, I could ask, "Where is dat coatee now?" Put away with muslin blouses and other accompaniments of summer days, while its deluded owner is again buried deep in the skins of animals and shivering in the blasts of north-east blizzards does she venture forth from the chimney-corner.

Black still practically continues to be our only wear, and for two reasons, amongst others. It is becoming; it is also economical; and a number of people are governed also by the fact that Lent is the accepted season for sombre garments, particularly, of course, in Paris, and that the pale mauves and whites which are admissible at present are less suitable for this Siberian weather than for the season of sunbeams, while the admixture of purple and black is so depressing and hideous that few are so lost to taste as to adopt it.

It seems quite time that persons in authority should investigate the deadlock that has occurred in the Royal Military Benevolent Fund business. Mrs. Ellis-Williams still occupies the house in Queen's Gate about which so much has been said and written. It now also transpires that several unfortunate annuitants are on the point of starvation, supplies having been cut off through circumstances in connection with



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WALKING-GOWN IN MAUVE CLOTH.

the desert of laborious days to many. The classical metaphor, "when in doubt," may be confidently transposed to "Try Ireland" in this connection, now that up-to-date hotels in practical and pleasing prose assist the poetic influences of scenery and sunshine. In the ancient Kingdom of Mourne, and within an hour of Belfast, one comes



upon ideal scenery with an ideally comfortable hotel—the Slieve Donard, to wit—in comfortable proximity. Golfing, cycling, fishing, and other outdoor “diversions” are supplemented by all the comforts of an up-to-date and thoroughly well-managed hotel, and, where time is an object, the briefest holiday may be snatched with ease and convenience in these beautiful surroundings, as through excursion bookings are arranged for from all the principal English stations, while combined railway and hotel tickets are issued which include all expenses from Belfast and are moderation itself as to price. Thus, a two-day combined ticket costs only 27s. 6d., three days 37s. 6d., a weekly jaunt 70s., and so on. Further information may be had from Mr. Morgan, the manager of Slieve Donard Hotel, Newcastle, County Down, which only needs a trial visit to become first-favourite amongst one's list of pet holiday-places.

People have apparently begun to exercise a semi-demi state of hospitality again with the advent of half-mourning and the promise of spring. A good many gave little luncheons and dinners at the principal restaurants last week, and amongst those who assisted at various junketings at our favourite Prince's Restaurant were Lord Dalhousie and Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, Mr. Sassoon, Sir Bache Cunard, Lord Wenlock, Lord de Grey, that pretty little actress, Miss Sybil Carlisle, and dozens of well-known others. What life would be without the cheerful side-lights of the modern smart restaurant, one cannot now imagine.

Miss Violet Seton, whose portrait I give herewith, makes her début this evening as a 'cellist at the forty-eighth concert of the Westminster



MISS VIOLET BRUCE SETON, 'CELLIST.

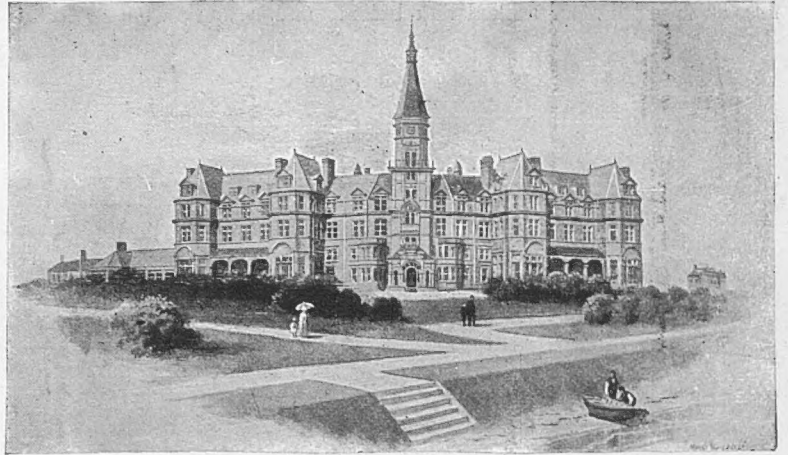
Orchestral Society. Though only fourteen years of age, Miss Seton has already an established reputation abroad, where she has appeared at several important classical concerts. She holds a diploma from the Brussels Conservatoire, and high expectations for a distinguished career are held by those responsible for this young girl's musical training. As his daughter showed early signs of unusual talent, Colonel Bruce Seton (late R.E.) was advised to give her the best opportunities of studying the 'cello, and the youthful artist has only just returned to England. She will demonstrate her skill this evening in Saint-Saëns' Violoncello Concerto with full orchestral accompaniment.

SYBIL.

“A Countess in Court” gives a false impression to those who delight in sensational law cases. All the same, the differences between Georgiana, Lady Dudley, and Messrs. Bertram and Co., the well-known builders and decorators of Soho, have attracted a great deal of attention and amusement in Society. Certainly, ten thousand pounds does seem a very large sum to spend over the decoration of a town house, even when that house is situated in Grosvenor Street; but nowadays beautifying even a temporary abode has become a craze, and some of the best-known and most popular of our great ladies spend not a little of their time in “doing up” a house, then parting with it and moving on to another habitat, all interest in the “home” ceasing when the decorations are entirely completed.

## OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE ATHLETIC SPORTS.

ON Friday, March 29, there will, if circumstances are favourable, be witnessed at Queen's Club, West Kensington, that annually recurring scene, the meeting of old University men, who make the two chief spring events, in which the rivals are respectively men of Oxford and Cambridge, an excuse for visiting the Metropolis. It is the day of the Sports, to which brave men and fair women continue to be



THE SLIEVE DONARD HOTEL, NEWCASTLE, COUNTY DOWN.

attracted in large numbers. There is promise of excellent sport, and there may also be much excitement. L. J. Cornish and A. E. Hind will probably make a fine race of it in the Hundred, and the former will also do well for Oxford in the Quarter. H. W. Workman (Cambridge) is likely to accomplish a good performance and credit his University with a win, and, of course, J. Gillman, also a Light Blue, is sure to run well. To prove successful, Cambridge should win the larger number of races, for Oxford have apparently a decided superiority in the other events. The probability is that Oxford will secure the majority of the ten events, the first of which is to be started at 2.30 p.m.

## A HAMPSTEAD ROAD IMPROVEMENT.

That important thoroughfare, Hampstead Road, has been a good deal to the front of late in connection with a proposal to widen and improve the approach to it at the point where it joins Tottenham Court Road and Euston and Marylebone Roads. Meantime, Hampstead Road goes placidly on its way, and the business-houses which have their headquarters in it are not slow to prove that they, at least, move with the times. The well-known furnishing firm of Messrs. Oetzmans and Co., owing to increasing trade, has had to enlarge its premises, and has done it thoroughly. The new annexe, built from the plans of Mr. Fred Eales, of Welbeck Street, and extending down one side of Drummond Street, is very commodious, comprising seven spacious floors of show-rooms and factory, surmounted by a fine cupola'd roof visible half-way down Tottenham Court Road. Messrs. Oetzmans may be congratulated upon a dual achievement: a decided improvement to the Hampstead Road district, and a valuable addition to their business premises which is sure to be appreciated by their many customers.



THE NEW ANNEXE OF MESSRS. OETZMANN AND CO.'S ESTABLISHMENT AT THE CORNER OF DRUMMOND STREET AND HAMPSTEAD ROAD.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on April 11.*

## ON 'CHANGE.

At one time during the week it looked as if we were in for a very bad time, for the news of failure of the negotiations with Louis Botha and the possibility of a serious rupture with Russia reached the markets at the same time, with the result that Consols made a record drop to 95½, and the accidental firing of a sentry's rifle at Tientsin might easily have knocked off one or two points more. In all quarters things have brightened, but the effect of Thursday's scare is a warning hardly to be neglected of the very critical times in which we live. To be a bull in these later days requires a pretty strong nerve.

This week we are able to complete our views of the Royal Exchange by reproducing from an old print a view of the interior of the second building, and a curious plan showing the haunts, or "walks," of the various brokers who at the end of the eighteenth century carried on their business within the historic walls. Our readers will notice that, if you desired to deal in stocks and shares in the days of the Great Corsican, you took up a position to the east of the statue which occupied the centre of the quadrangle, while, if tea, sugar, and suchlike modest necessities were to be the medium of your gamble, it was necessary to "walk" on the west side. Time has changed many things, probably none more than the methods of doing business in the City.

## YANKEES.

Little or no abatement of the marvellous strength of the Yankee Market is the principal feature in Shorter's Court. Some of the most pronounced pessimists are wavering in their allegiance to the cause of the bears, and the majority of the dealers in the market will frankly tell you that, despite the height of prices, Yankees have every appearance of going still better. They hardly dare advise a purchase, but, on the other hand, who would sell in such a market? Thus and thus goes the gossip of the Stock Exchange.

Now that there is beginning to be a general levelling-up in the Bond Market, we may point out that some of the Missouri Company's loans look cheap. The company's 4 per cent. First Mortgage Bonds at 96 have little to recommend them, but the Seconds at 82 have good possibilities. Moreover, the Preferred Stock of the company, about 61, is a good gambling medium for the capitalist. Erie 4 per cent. General Bonds stand a very fair chance of reaching par; and, as an investment, Atchison Adjustments at 96 may be worth attention. But the course of the Yankee Railroad Share Market who shall declare?

## KAFFIRS.

It is perfectly patent that the Kaffir Circus is now strong enough to withstand all temporarily bad influences, and that, though prices may recede now and again, they will maintain a steady strength. The slight shake-out which occurred in the South African Market on the twin anxieties produced by Botha and Russia was easily rectified on the very day following the scare. The defence offered by the market to the attacks of the bears was no less interesting than that of Mr. Arthur Chamberlain, and the bulls have every reason for confidence in their shares.

Somewhat strangely, the re-starting of some of the mines has been almost forgotten, although the first announcement of the news brought in a number of buying orders. The importance of the information is perhaps scarcely realised yet, but when the first few returns—how small they will be!—are cabled across, it must be recognised by everyone that the end of the War is at hand—at all events, so far as the Witwatersrand mines are concerned.

There is, however, another side to the shield which must not be lost sight of. The serious damage done to the unfortunate Kleinfontein Mine reminds one of the probably heavy costs that other companies must incur before their houses are set in anything like working order. Of course, the Kleinfontein has suffered above all, and its charges for repairs must far exceed those of other mines upon which the Boers did not exercise their playful propensities. But mines cannot remain idle for eighteen months without much of the flower running to wild seed. Capital is hardly likely to be wanting, though, when once business begins, and those who are not afraid to lock up Kaffirs to-day should turn their thoughts to Apex or Meyer and Charlton, Jumpers or City and Suburbans.

## THE TRAVELLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

The Stranger strolled into Throgmorton Street just about five o'clock. "Wonder if I can get a tip on the strictly cheap?" he soliloquised. Turning into Lyons' first of all, he ordered his favourite brand. Two men stood at the bar, deep in discussion. They were joined by a third, who came in with a depressed air.

"They say it's going to take place towards the end of April," he said, tilting back his hat and abstractedly lifting his friend's glass.

"What is?" asked one of the twain. "You look about as happy as if you were going to be married."

"Oh, it's not so bad as that!" said the desponder, with an attempt at a smile. "No; what I hear is that the Special Settlements in Rosslands and Kootenays will be fixed before another month is over."

The others looked grave. "Very bad thing for the Stock Exchange if they do come off," said one.

"I should think so, indeed!" chimed in his companion. "We have been doing our level best to keep our efforts secret; but has anything leaked out, do you think?"

"What efforts?" demanded the third comer.

"Why, to squash the whole business, bargains and everything else, of course."

The other seemed somewhat startled.

"Supposing that is done, what about the public?" he interrogated.

"The public? Oh, well—" And the speaker shrugged his shoulders. "What is the public for if not to lose money? Naturally, it wouldn't do if it became generally known that—"

The Stranger could stand it no longer.

"So that's your infernal plot, is it?" he exclaimed. "Well, I am not a very great speculator, and, after what I have heard you cads talking about, may I lose all I've got if ever I put myself into the claws of such creatures as you!" And, throwing down a florin, he stalked contemptuously out, leaving the trio too utterly dumfounded to demand satisfaction for the insult. Without, The Stranger found himself in the midst of a crowd anxiously bidding for Effuente.

"Yes, that's the thing," one man observed to another. "I saw them mentioned in a paper last Wednesday. Let me see, wasn't it *The Sketch*? Yes, it must have been. I've just sold mine at ten bob profit. Not bad, is it?"

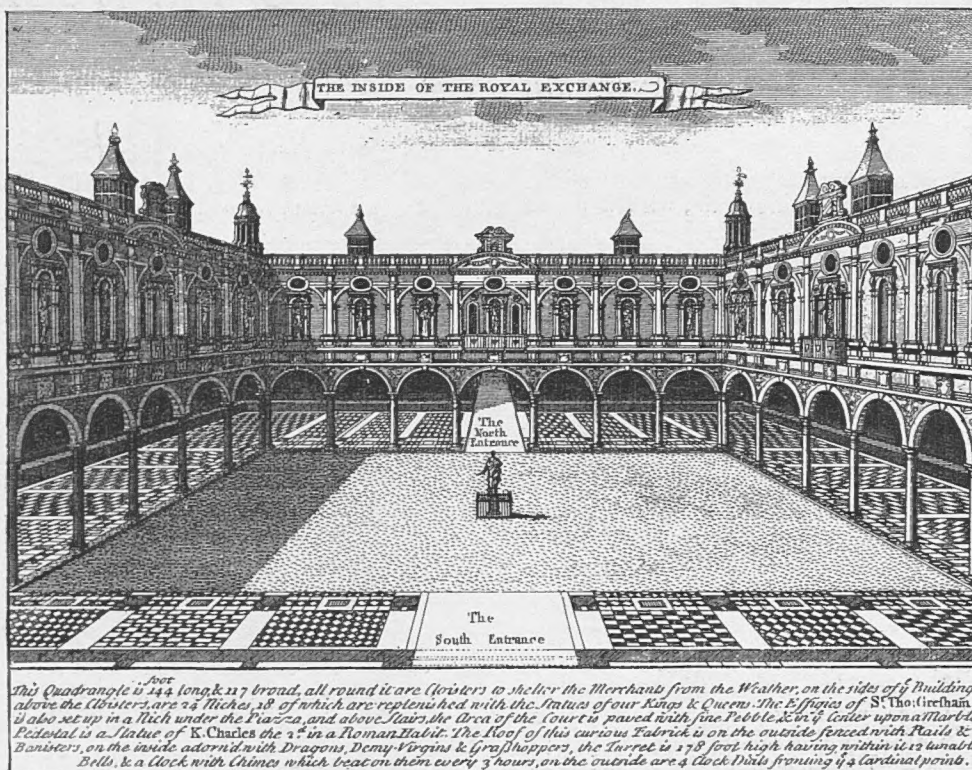
"Rum market this Jungle is," smiled his friend.

"I should just about think it is!" said the first speaker. "You try to join in it, and you'd say so."

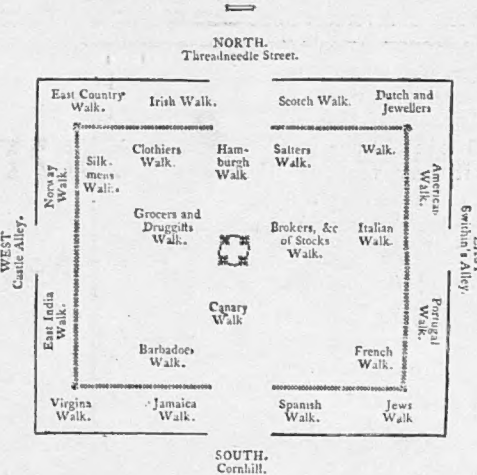
"It's done for now, I suppose?" queried a broker, attaching himself to the group. "Can't possibly stand after the slating that the papers are giving it, eh?"

"The papers?" cried The Dealer, throwing back his head to laugh. "Oh, go on! Don't be so ridiculous! You buy yourself some Fanti Consols, and never mind the papers. And I fancy those Gold Coast Investments myself. I've got a few, so perhaps I'm not entitled to speak; but I think they are good for a rise when the underwriters turn off the tap."

The Stranger backed out of the throng and made two notes in his



INTERIOR OF THE SECOND ROYAL EXCHANGE. (DATE ABOUT 1680).



SECOND ROYAL EXCHANGE, 1807.

Plan showing "Walks," or Markets frequented by Dealers.



pocket-book. The policeman politely told him and another that they were not allowed to stand on the pavement. The other man waxed indignant.

"This is how they treat us City men," he held forth. "Can't stand on the pavement of your own street! You've got to go to the gutter, where you stand to be Juggernauted by every cab or railway-van or omnibus that likes to crawl down the road. The Stock Exchange Managersought to do something for us, even if the City Corporation won't."

"The City Fathers are not at all backward in coming to us for hints as to how to make money either," growled another. "Only to-day I put an unworthy Alderman into Trunk Firsts as a good speculative investment, and I'm hanged if the old turtle didn't insist upon having his business done for half-commission! What do you think of that?"

"Never mind," said a bystander soothingly. "Perhaps Trunks will go down. They've had a pretty big jump up, you know."

"Oh, yes!" returned the other crossly. "I have been in the House for more than one week: And I am convinced that Trunk Firsts will go to par and Seconds will go to—"

"Ma?" asked the first one meekly.

The crowd suddenly squeezed itself into half its former size, as a North-Western waggon drove down the street, the driver serenely smoking and quite indifferent to the toes which his van-wheels were cutting off at every turn. The Stranger apologised for crushing against a purple-faced individual who carried a long list of prices in his hand.

"Oh, that's nothing!" cheerfully the little man said. "Bless you, I'm thoroughly used to that kind of thing! At three-sixteenths buy Barney!"

No one took any notice, and The Stranger's sense of curiosity impelled him to ask what "Barneys" were.

"I guess you thought they were a kind of bean-feast," returned the would-be buyer, chuckling at his own joke. "No. They are Barnato Consols, and I may tell you, sir, that they will soon be standing nearer three pounds than two." And up he sprang again, with a shout of "Close buy Barney!"

In his excitement, he knocked the pipe out of the mouth of another man standing by. "Sorry, old man!" was all he said. "Pick up some Salmons, and buy yourself a new pipe with the profits."

"What do you know about Salmons?" the injured one wanted to know, good-humouredly. "For once in a way, though, I think you've hit upon a fairly good investment."

"Hear, hear!" confirmed a broker, throwing away the end of his cigar. "After the Budget's out and people get used to its extortions, we are sure to see a general rise in the things that have fallen beforehand on its account."

The Stranger turned away. "H'm!" he said to himself. "I've got a few tips, anyway. Let me see. Fanti Consols, Gold Coast Investment, Trunk First, Barnato Consols, and—what was the other thing? Ah, I remember, Salmon and Gluckstein!"

#### TWO USEFUL BOOKS.

"The Mining Year-Book" issued by the *Financial Times* is one of the best things of its kind that has come under our notice. Published at fifteen shillings—which means, of course, twelve-and-threepence—it is a complete guide to the Mining Market, and as full of information as an egg is of meat. The companies are arranged in alphabetical order, the principal points known about each are summarised concisely, and the information is in some cases carried up to dividends paid as late as last November.

Of a different class, but no less useful to the average investor, is Mr. Charles Duguid's little volume, "How to Read the Money Article," which, published by Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange, can be secured for the modest sum of half-a-crown net. To commend the work of so able a financial writer as the City Editor of the *Westminster Gazette* and the *World* is very like praising Darwin on "The Origin of Species," or Captain Mahon on "Naval Tactics," and, therefore, it may very well go without saying that Mr. Duguid's work is both interesting and instructive. Even an expert might learn not a little from this book, while for the guileless investor who looks upon the City Editor of his favourite paper as an oracle, and the chances of speculation as if they were mathematical certainties, we feel sure Mr. Duguid's interesting pages will open a new era. Both books can be cordially recommended.

Saturday, March 23, 1901.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

CENTRAL A.—We have no faith in the stock or its intrinsic value, but it seems hardly worth while to cut the loss at the present rubbish price.

CESTRIA.—We do not like Welsbach, and although we hear on good authority that the other concern is doing well and will pay 8 per cent., the market is a very bad one. The cheapest shares we know are *Lady's Pictorial* Pref. at 3½.

W. M. P.—We have sent you the name of one firm who have taken up the attitude you desire.

ADA.—(1) See this week's Notes. (2) Mr. Duguid's book would be very useful to you.

M. W. P.—The following should suit you: (1) Otago Harbour Consolidated Bonds, (2) City of Wellington Waterworks 6 per cent. Bonds, (3) Mexican 5 per cent. Bonds, (4) Grand Trunk 4 per cent. Guaranteed, (5) Inter-Oceanic of Mexico Prior Lien Bonds, (6) *Lady's Pictorial* Preference shares, (7) Industrial Trust Unified stock. You will average 5 per cent. with reasonable safety. For your gamble try: (1) Henderson's, (2) Bechuanaland Exploration, (3) Consolidated Goldfields of South Africa.

HOPEFUL.—The West Australian market is utterly disorganised. The proposed amalgamation is off, and we do not see much prospect of a rise.

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A VISIT FROM HER MAJESTY, SEPTEMBER 1900.

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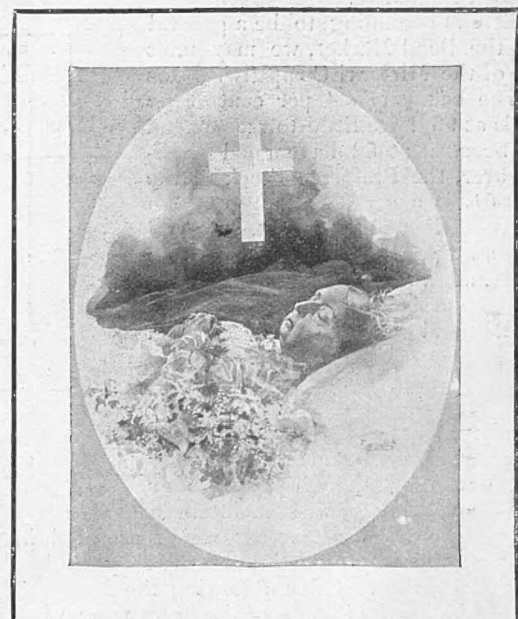
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